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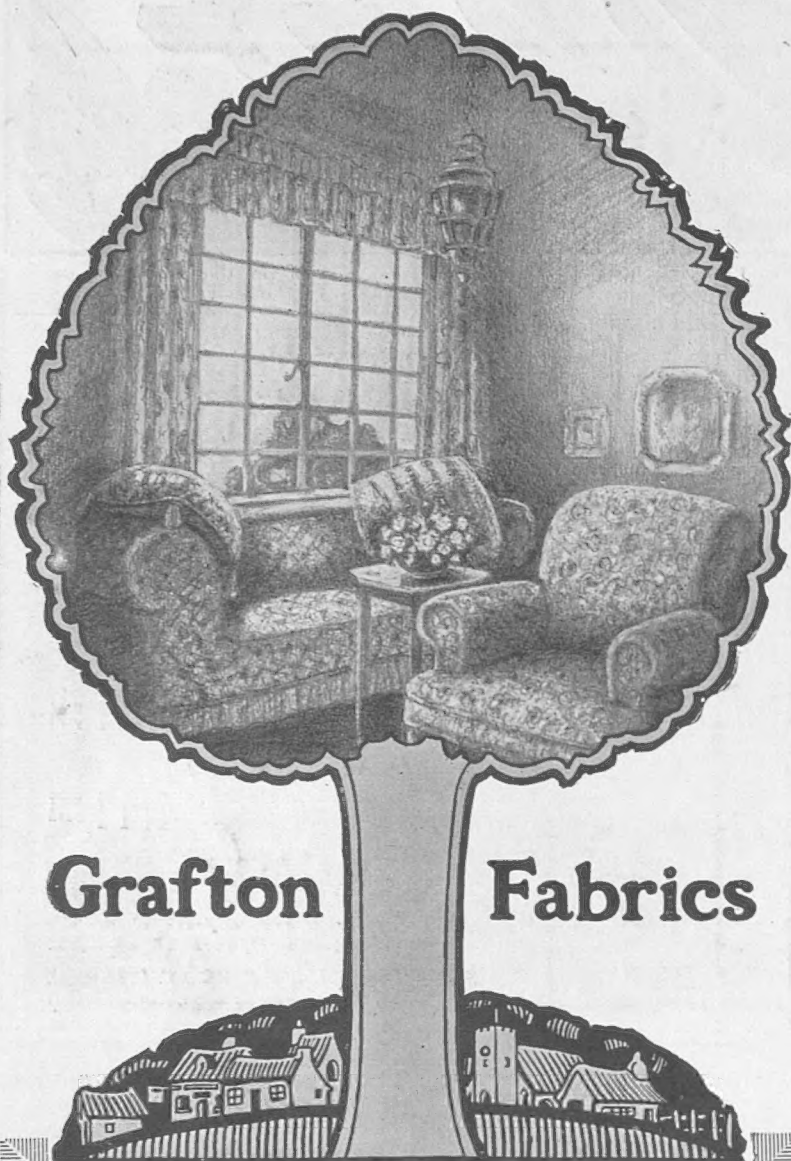
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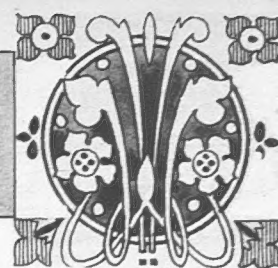
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THE SKETCH



No. 1480—Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



STILL BRITISH CHAMPION: MISS CECIL LEITCH,
ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS WOMAN GOLFER.



THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MISS
CECIL LEITCH IN THE FINAL: MISS JOYCE WETHERED.



OLYMPIANS IN THE FEMININE GOLF WORLD: A GROUP OF COMPETITORS AT TURNBERRY,
DURING THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

MISS LEITCH BEATS MISS WETHERED: THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Women's Golf Championship, final was a particularly interesting one this year, as it was a struggle between Miss Cecil Leitch (who, save for her defeat in the English Championship at Sheringham last year, has been supreme in women's golf since 1914, after having reached the semi-final of the Championship in 1908 at the age of seventeen) and Miss Joyce Wethered, the young player who created such a sensation by wresting the title of English Champion from Miss Cecil Leitch at Sheringham last year. Throughout the meeting Miss Wethered has

played fine golf, and in the semi-final, when she beat Miss Lena Scroggie, rose to heights of brilliance seldom reached in women's golf. The American "invaders" were all disposed of in the early stages of the meeting, and the semi-finalists were Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Lena Scroggie and Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish Champion. In the final, Miss Cecil Leitch defeated Miss Joyce Wethered by 4 and 3, after a splendid match. The younger player, who is not yet twenty, was 7 down at the end of the first 18 holes.

Photographs by P.I.C. and T.P.A.

THE FEMININE SIDE OF EPSOM: FROCKS AND



WITH MRS. DE BOULAY (CENTRE): MAJOR AND MRS. CORTAUD.



WITH MRS. DELME DAVIES: COLONEL DELME DAVIES.



SMARTNESS OF THE TAILOR-MADE: LADY COTTENHAM.



WITH MISS MYRTLE FARQUHARSON: LADY WARRENDER (RIGHT).



ENJOYING A STROLL: MISS HANKEY AND MR. JACK PAINE.



ENTHUSIASTS: LORD AND LADY LUDLOW.

Humorist's Derby, the great "Petrol" Epsom, drew as large crowds as the famous Downs have ever known for the classic race, and Society women were to be seen in both summer finery and smart coat-and-skirts, as our pages of photographs of well-known people show. Lady Cottenham, who favoured a coat-and-skirt, looked extremely smart in her well-tailored simplicity; Lady Irene Curzon, the eldest of Lord Curzon

Photographs by Alfieri, Photopress.

THEIR WEARERS AT THE "PETROL" DERBY.



LORD CURZON'S ELDEST DAUGHTER: LADY IRENE CURZON.



STUDYING THE RACE-CARD: CAPTAIN HOWARD AND MISS LELASSEUR.



WITH HER STEP-FATHER AND MOTHER, SIR FRANCIS AND LADY BURDETT: MRS. BERTIE FISHER.



ARRIVING FOR THE "PETROL DERBY": LADY BETTY TRAFFORD.



DISCUSSING THE CHANCES: MR. EDWARD AND MISS JOCELYN PORTMAN.



A YOUNG BARONET AND HIS WIFE: SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER.

of Kedleston's three lovely daughters, wore one of the new flounced skirts; Mrs. Bertie Fisher was another tailor-made figure, while her mother, Lady Burdett, wore a satin cloak; Lady Warrender, the young wife of Sir Victor Warrender, and daughter-in-law of Lady Maud Warrender, favoured a thin dress and satin cloak, with a picturesque hat; while Lady Ludlow was another exponent of the chic of the coat-and-skirt.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

I HAVE had the greatest shock of life to-day. An envelope with a Government crest arrived, which I opened with shaking hands, suspecting a further increase of taxes. I collapsed when it proved to be a cheque from the Post Office officials paying me two pounds! I can't ascertain why—but I imagine it is bribery.

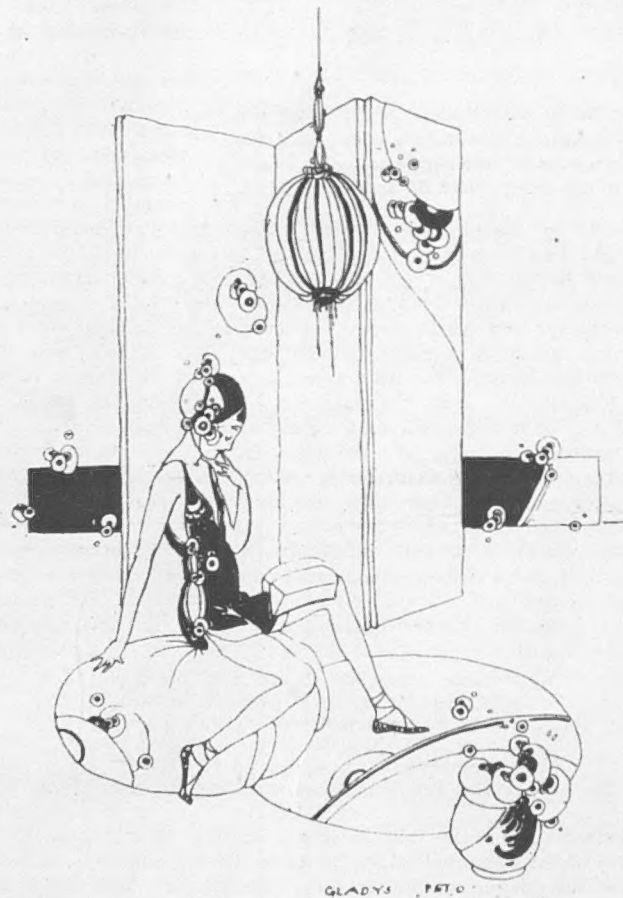


1. Angela has now thought out a splendid plan for turning a dishonest penny. She is going to rob the Japanese oyster preserves and so acquire pearls. She is very busy at present learning Japanese, so as not to agitate the oysters by addressing them in English.

The secret has leaked out that I write these articles. They wish to be on the safe side. Governments have risen and fallen according to Lord Northcliffe's moods. The present American Ambassador in his own country makes and unmakes Presidents (and would have been called "The Kingmaker" if he had happened to be born in a kingdom instead of a republic) entirely by the rule of the pen. And now I, too, am a power in the land. My silence is worth two pounds. Or is it a prize for saying "please" and "thank you," to the telephone operator? I began doing it last week, and it was its own reward.

Or perhaps it is because I have a brother who married the niece of a woman whose best friend has just met Mr. Lloyd George's daughter out in India. Here are extracts from one of her letters: "We trained it all night from Bangalore to Mettur, where Jack's car met us. I can't possibly make you believe what a wonderful drive it was up here (Ootacamund). Thirty miles of steep ascent the whole way, and always turning corners. Five times the car had to be watered. And such glorious views! This place is about 8000 feet high; people pant like anything when they first arrive. We were told not to do anything at first, but are going to play tennis at Government House to-morrow. The Willingdons really are most awfully kind. Until our own servants came up by the mountain railway, we practically lived there. Just before leaving Bangalore I had the 'flu, and Major Carey Evans, the doctor, told me not to do anything for weeks. He is such a nice man, and so is his wife, who is Lloyd George's eldest daughter. They have just left for Simla. On Saturday there was a huge garden-party at Government House. Over eight hundred people, and dancing at the end. It was great fun. On Thursday, there's the Horse Show, then three

days' polo tournament, followed by three days' racing, and a ball at Government House on the 12th. Lady Willingdon leaves for England on the 17th, so they are cramming in everything before then. Lord Willingdon goes to Simla after Lady Willingdon leaves. Oh, this is such a beautiful place! Nothing but mountains, and we are perched on the side of one amongst gorgeous trees and flowers, in a long low bungalow, white and green, with a verandah in front covered with a large clematis and honeysuckle, and a small hedge of heliotrope the other side of the drive, and a drop down the side of the mountain, which is covered with large pink lilies, and all sorts of flowering shrubs and trees. We've got camellias and climbing tuberoses, besides ordinary roses. You can imagine the scents! There are pine-trees, too. And the birds sing here—not like Bangalore, where you heard nothing but the monotonous note of the coppersmith bird and the hot-weather bird. And it's like England, having grass lawns again. It's quite cold in the morning and evening. We have large open grates, and log fires; but the sun in the middle of the day is quite hot. It's lovely having no mosquitoes or mosquito curtains, and carpets on the floors again. But we shan't be able to use the horses for a fortnight. They have to get accustomed to the height, like we do. Racehorses have to rest three weeks. Someone used a horse after only a few days' rest, and it fell down dead. The regiment goes to Jhansi in June or July. It will be boiling for them, but they won't take the horses. They are leaving them at Bangalore for the Queen's Bays, and are going to take on the 33rd horses, which are already at Jhansi. Colonel Claude Rome now commands the Queen's Bays—such a charming man. He used to be in the 11th Hussars before the war." Now doesn't all that make us wish our Empire were not separated by half the earth, in the shape of Europe and most of Asia? What does the



2. Of course, she has designed a new bathing-dress for this adventure, and she is at the moment searching the Japanese dictionary to see which months have R's in them—as one could certainly not get good pearls from out-of-season oysters.

coal-strike matter in Jhansi? Can't you smell the tuberoses and the pine woods, and the burning logs in the grate in the evening?

It all makes me wish I hadn't refused to marry a certain subaltern in the antediluvian days. Even his red nose would soon

have browned out there. And, since the Government still considers the horses more than the men, the heat of the plains would have left me a lovely widow long ago. I imagine a young widow in the hills still has about as good a time as anyone on earth.

And talking of soldiers, I have just seen a design for the Royal Artillery Memorial to be erected at Hyde Park, which is under consideration by the Committee of the Royal Artillery War Commemoration Fund. Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect and artist, and Professor Derwent Wood are responsible. It is desirable to erect a permanent memorial in London—the heart of the Empire. Many schemes have been inquired into: a school for children, a hostel, clubs, a triumphal arch, combined memorials with other

branches of the Service, etc.; but since a very small proportion of the total amount collected is, at the express desire of contributors, to be devoted to bricks and mortar, and as regimental opinion favours an individual memorial, the offer of H.M. Office of Works has been accepted—the very central site on the larger of the two vacant islands at Hyde Park Corner.

Though the death of Lady Bancroft cast a shadow of sadness over the opening of the Academy Theatre (it was she who laid the foundation stone), the Council of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art indeed saw the fruition of their labours at the special matinee the other day. The sight of the Prince of Wales standing between Sir John Hare and Sir Arthur Pinero somehow made me "all happy inside," as the children say. During the war no one worked harder in the cause of our soldiers than the greatest of our actors. I was glad to see such warm appreciation

proclaimed by the presence of Lord Haig. And the Asquiths were there, and the Winston Churchills, and Dame Margaret Lloyd George and little happy Megan, and Adele Lady Essex, much interested in the performance of her second girl, Lady Joan Capell.

Except for one tense moment, when the electric light went out, "all went merry as a marriage bell," though I, for one, was absolutely broken-hearted not to know the end of Sir James Baillie's play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" I suppose he knows the end. . . . Or does he still wait for the Muse to inspire him? It is as whimsical and witty as anything that has ever come from his subtle brain—though I don't believe there was ever a murder at all! Practically every member of a country house party inferred that he or she was implicated.

And I would like to take the whole of the Poet Laureate's sonnet and teach it, not to actors alone, but to all the workers in all the arts through all the ages of man. And I would that each of them could hear Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson recite it—just once. It would never be forgotten—

We workmen, therefore, in this troublous age
Would guard our beauty of language from misfeature,
Presenting manners noble and mirth unblamed;
So Truth may walk majestic on our stage;
And when we hold the mirror up to Nature,
She, seeing her face therein, shall not be ashamed.

I believe that even Mr. Herbert Smith's contribution to the surprises of the day would have been less drastic, somehow, if he had attended the opening of the Academy Theatre. He said that if anyone ought to be in prison, that gentleman is the Duke of Northumberland! It is as though Mr. Herbert Smith had been reading history. But he is mixed up in his centuries. The last Duke of Northumberland who languished in a prison before he lost his head was not a Percy at all! Indeed, he was in no wise connected with his present Grace. If I remember right, his name was John Dudley, a descendant of Simon de Montfort. He begot Robert Earl of Leicester and Ambrose Earl of Warwick, but he was not responsible for any of the Percys. Mr. Herbert Smith must begin all over again. All that the present Duke is doing is being "a workman in this troublous age" so that "Truth may walk majestic on our stage." But there is not

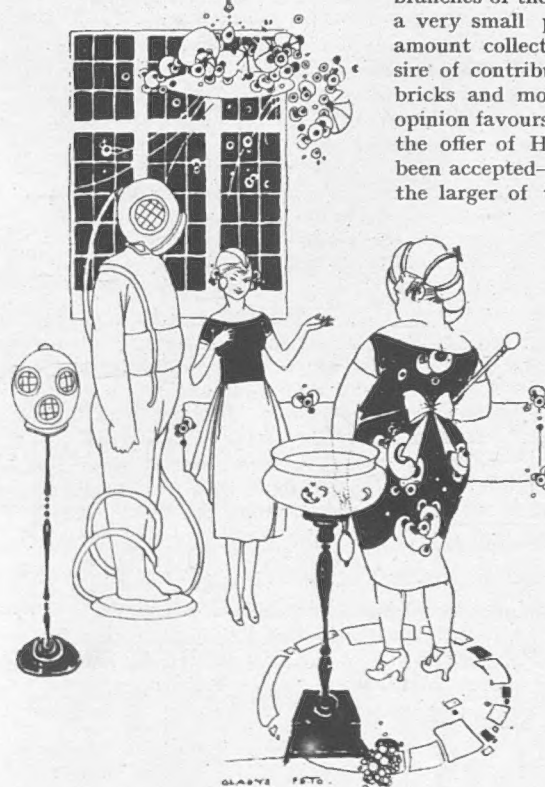
much majesty about any of the rest of it—the strike agitations, I mean. Oh, the absurdity of it all! It reminds me of my cook, who gave notice because twice this week I had luncheon parties. I lost my head and exclaimed: "How can I make sunbeams out of cucumbers with all this domestic worry!" She said: "Cucumbers, Madam? It wasn't the cucumbers as I minded. It were the omelette being kept waiting!" Mr. Herbert Smith doesn't understand the Duke any more than my ex-cook understands me. And her omelette was as flat as Mr. Herbert Smith's arguments.

Anyhow, my half-hour at the Flower Show made me forget her. I saw the King talking to Lord Lambourne; the sight of his Majesty always makes me forget Labour troubles. While the Throne is so happily held, while the Prince of Wales and all his Royal brothers have but to appear in public to be acclaimed joyously, who would mind the little pin-pricks of the unpatriotic few?

At the Flower Show I also saw Lady Henry Grosvenor, really interested in the flowers; and Lady Byng, the wife of the quondam Third Army Commander, Lord Byng of Vimy; and then I went to Roehampton to see the defeat of the Freebooters by the English International Team. The sun was gloriously hot, and crowds of people revelled in it, though I saw Lady Jane Combe, with her son and daughter, making for the shade of the pavilion, where were also Lady Blandford and Lady de Trafford, and Lady Sarah Wilson with Mme. Merry del Val; and amongst others I spied Lady Althorp and Lady Hillingdon, and, just as I came away, Lady Cavan and Lady Lee of Fareham.

And whether we win the polo or not, no one can rob us of our W. I. Hunter's triumph at Hoylake. He was a surprise, even to my most informed golfing friends. Positively no one seems to have thought of him as a likely winner in this year's competition. And we certainly feel grateful to Mr. Tolley for so ably disposing of the most deadly of the challengers. Much as I love Americans, I was beginning to be nervous. It is bad enough to remember Tilden and Johnson at Wimbledon last year.

To-day (June 8) I hope to go to the wedding of Miss Jean Hamilton to Mr. J. W. Buchanan Jardine. Such a pretty, fair bride she will make, and with such a host of pretty bridesmaids. I think their names are Brenda Hamilton, Ursula Chamberlain, Lorna Baldwin, Joan Lloyd, Sylvia Portman, Pamela Campbell, Pamela Peel, Vera Piercy, and Dilkusha Wrench. Little Lord Chelsea and his little sister, Lady Beatrice Cadogan, Lord and Lady Cadogan's children, are to be attendants, and the reception will be at Lord and Lady Leconfield's charming house in Chesterfield Gardens. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



3. Aunt Babsie says if she does any diving she means to have a real diver's dress. But the assistant says that "submarine armour" is not made in out sizes, which is a dreadful blow.

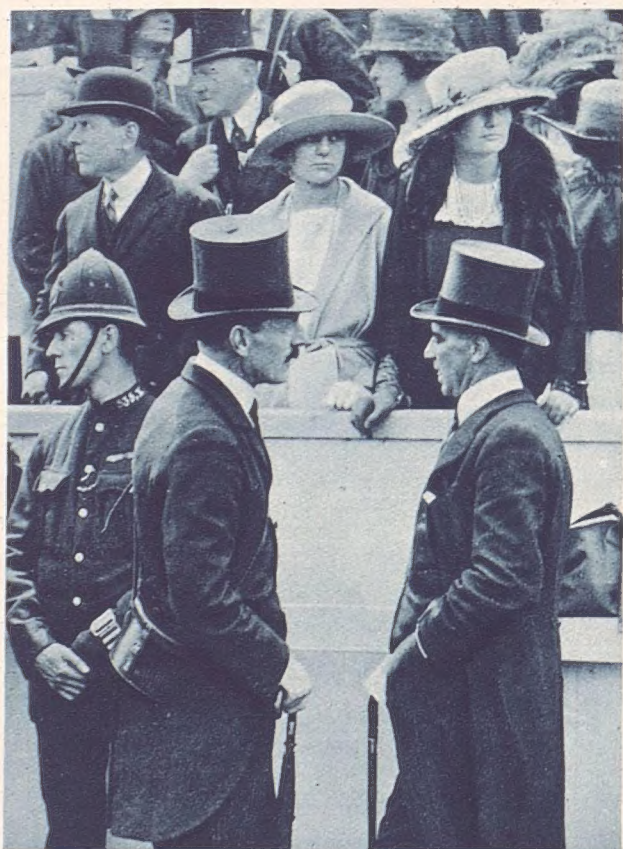


4. Kitten says she has always heard that pearl-divers wear — just hats. Angela is deeply pained by this indelicate suggestion, and has kindly censored her with a piece of stamp-paper.

THE MASCULINE SIDE OF THE DERBY



1. LORD DERBY. 2. SIR WM. BASS. 3. MR. P. NELKE. 4. SIR HEDWORTH MEUX. 5. LORD HAIG. 6. GENERAL GALLWEY. 7. LORD SEFTON.



THE FAMOUS AMERICAN POLO-PLAYER:
MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN (RIGHT).



A WELL-KNOWN OWNER:
LORD GLANELY.



WITH "STEVE" DONOGHUE: THE PRINCE OF
CUST (LEFT), AND MR. J. B. JOEL.

Our pages show some well-known sportsmen and famous personalities who went to Epsom. Lord Derby's ancestor, the twelfth Earl, founded the Derby in 1780, and the present Earl is one of our best-known sporting Peers. Sir Hedworth Meux, Mr. Paul Nelke, Lord Sefton, Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Durham, Lord Jersey, Lord Crewe, and Lord Marcus Beresford are all well known in racing circles. Mr. Richard Marsh is the King's trainer; and Lord Dalmeny, the son of Lord Rosebery, is a polo-player and keen racing man. Lord Glanely is the millionaire ship-owner who won the Derby with Grand Parade in 1919, and ran his Westward Ho this year.

FAMOUS SPORTSMEN AT EPSOM.



8. SIR W. GILBEY. 9. LORD MARCUS BERESFORD. 10. MR. R. MARSH. 11. LORD DALMENY. 12. LORD DURHAM. 13. LORD JERSEY. 15. LORD CREWE.



WALES, LORD JERSEY AND SIR CHARLES WITH HIS TRAINER, MR. C. MORTON.



WELL KNOWN IN RACING CIRCLES: MR. "JIMMY" ROTHSCHILD.



THEATRICAL STARS AT THE DERBY: MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AND MR. FRANK CURZON.

Mr. Devereux Milburn, the famous American International polo-player, is also shown in our photographs, and his wife is to be seen among the ladies in the stand. The group in which the Prince of Wales is seen is of special interest. He is talking to Steve Donoghue, the famous jockey, who rode Mr. J. B. Joel's *Humorist* to victory in the Derby with such masterly jockeyship. Mr. J. B. Joel is also shown on the right of this photograph, talking to his trainer, Mr. C. Morton. He has now won the Derby twice, as his *Sunstar* won the classic race in 1911.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Farrington Photo. Co., C.N., and T.P.A.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Way to Go to Paris.

You should never arrange to go to Paris. For the matter of that, you should never arrange to go anywhere. Impulse is the fellow when it comes to making holiday. The trouble about the arranged holiday is that it never fulfils anticipations. The impulsive holiday is like sudden good fortune—twice blest.

You must always keep your passport up to date. Have it lying about, nicely viséd, ready for immediate use. Another excellent tip, if you are an indifferent sailor, is to live somewhere with windows that overlook the Channel. In London, or anywhere else inland, you know nothing about the Channel. The Channel needs very careful watching.

I rose fairly early one beautiful morning in May and had a look at the Channel. Smooth as the smoothest mill-pond that ever did duty in this good old phrase. I love the Channel when it looks like a mill-pond. It can never be too flat for me. I would like to have the roller put over it just before I sailed, in imitation of first-class cricketers.

Anyway, there was the passport and there was the Channel. I don't know how long it takes you to pack a bag, but I can do it in three minutes. I did it in less than three minutes that May morning. The time I thus saved was expended in telephoning for a taxi, which put me down at Newhaven, quite close to the boat.

Tickets and Money.

Up to this point, mind you, I had no idea where I was going. I knew that the boat from Newhaven usually aimed at Dieppe, so I walked into the booking-office on Newhaven platform and bought a ticket for Dieppe. This procedure appeared to cause surprise. All the other passengers, it seemed, were coming from London. I had a policeman, two porters, and an inspector all to myself. They had to unlock the booking-office to find me a ticket for Dieppe.

On the boat I met a man I had not seen for years. He said he was going to Paris. He asked me where I was going. I said I was going to Dieppe. He said he knew that, *mais après*? (We had already dropped into little expressions of this sort.) *Je ne sais pas*, I replied. Why not come on to Paris, he suggested. Certainly, I replied, and I went on. They sold me a ticket on the train. There's no trouble about this sort of thing in France. Books of tickets are ridiculous. The lady in charge of the tea-urn in the restaurant-car gave me a lot of French notes for an English fiver. You can't count these notes. The very torn and dirty ones you give away. The clean ones, for larger amounts, are taken from you with amazing determination.

The Brave French.

I soon discovered that the French are as brave as ever. They have set their teeth. "All we want," they have told themselves, "to put our *belle* France on her feet again is money. We want hundreds, and thousands, and millions, and billions, and trillions of francs. Therefore, the people who come here from other countries will receive a lot of paper francs in exchange for their own money. We shall then, in our turn, take these paper francs away again, at the same time keeping the money they brought with them. If we do this all day and nearly all night, staunchly, unflaggingly, *la belle* France will soon regain her proud position among the nations of the world."

It is wonderful. It is very, very beautiful. I had no idea that one could spend so many francs in so short a time. The way they write down and add up these francs in restaurants would put the slickest clerk in the Bank of England to shame. "Ten—twenty—fifty—two hundred—five hundred—a thousand—two thousand seven hundred and fifty-five. *Merci, m'sieur.*" You have lunched, and they are after another customer. It is all, you understand, for *la belle* France. Even the drivers of the *fiacres* know that. They work the clock up to three-fifty, and then hide it with the tail of a coat, and you start where the other passenger left off. Most touching.

At the Folies-Bergère.

After dinner—what a dinner!—I naturally went, as an earnest student of the Drama, to the Folies-Bergère. This ancient and honourable building was crammed to the doors. Not by the English; not by the Americans; by the French. The audience was almost entirely French, and the entertainment was so much to their liking that those who had back seats stood on their seats to see over the heads of those in front. There's enthusiasm for you! No slump at the Folies-Bergère, I promise you.

And what was the cause of all this excitement? What was the Great Idea which had brought all these people together, and persuaded them

to hand to the management some of my francs? Oh, a very simple idea. The management had engaged a large number of slim young women, and removed as much of their clothing as the authorities, I suppose, would allow, and then sent them on the stage to dance about while the band played.

If you have any doubt as to the formation of the female form, you had better stroll across to Paris, as I did, and stroll into the Folies-Bergère, as I did. You will find that the sculptors of old were right. And you will also find how easy it is to make money in a theatre if—well, if all you care about in connection with a theatre is making money.



LAUGHING AT THE HANGING PROCTOR! THE PRINCE OF WALES, LL.D., WITH ADMIRAL SIMS, AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Prince of Wales had a boisterous welcome at Cambridge when, together with Admiral Sims, of the United States Navy, he had conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Our photograph shows H.R.H. much amused by the hanging effigy of a proctor.—[Photograph by Tom Aitken.]

From the First Leaf: A Gaiety Chapter of Fashion.



THE FIRST WOMAN AND A COSTUMIER: EVE—
AND HER "DRESSER."



THE FIRST DECORATION: THE NECKLACE OF BERRIES
ON THE FIG-LEAF "GOWN."



AS A FURTHER ADDITION: THE FEATHER
SKIRT.



LEAFY CLOAK AND HEAD-DRESS: THE COSTUMIER'S
NEXT INSPIRATION.

"Pins and Needles," at the Gaiety, takes one through many scenes of topical and humorous interest, but the Chapter of Fashion, as developed from the Garden of Eden fig-leaves by means of other "home-grown" additions, which the First Woman might have collected outside the gate of the Garden, is one of the most delightful

fantasies which the Gaiety offers. The costumier, proving that woman has always been the coquette, evolves a wonderful creation for the First Woman in fig-leaves by the addition of berries, feathers, and large spreading leaves. Eve is thus transformed from Adam's simple country lass into a chic, be-garlanded Madam.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Stage Photo. Co.

"What d'ye Lack, Indeed?" Crying for Charity.



THE DAUGHTER OF COLONEL AND MRS. DENNISS: MISS ANGELA DENNISS AS ONE OF THE CRYES OF LONDON.



AS SHE APPEARED AT LADY BARRINGTON'S GARDEN PARTY FOR VILLAGE HOMES: MISS YOLANDE PEPYS.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE HON. EVERARD PEPYS: MISS HONOR PEPYS.



THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. CHARLES FITZCLARENCE: MISS JOAN FITZCLARENCE.

The "eighteenth-century" "Cryes" of London were heard at Hendon, where Lady Barrington's garden-party in aid of the Village Homes for Disabled Soldiers was held, and Society girls cried their wares of cream, butter, eggs, fruit, flowers, and vegetables. Our page shows four of these "Cryers" in the cause of charity. Miss Angela Denniss is the

daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Denniss; Miss Yolande and Miss Honor Pepys are two of the daughters of the Hon. Everard Pepys, son of the third Earl of Cottenham; and Miss Joan Fitzclarence is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Fitzclarence and of the late Brigadier-General Charles Fitzclarence, V.C., Irish Guards, who was killed in 1914.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

To Have a Dance in Her Honour.



THE DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY CHARNWOOD: THE HON. ANTONIA BENSON.

The Hon. Antonia Mary Roby Benson is the elder of Lord and Lady Charnwood's two daughters, and a débutante of this year. Lady Charnwood is giving a dance for her on June 28, at her house in Eaton Square. Miss Benson is the eldest of the family, as she was born in 1903 and is two years older than her only

brother, the Hon. John Roby Benson, and three years senior to her sister, the Hon. Eleanor Theodora Roby Benson. All Lady Charnwood's three children bear the name of Roby, after their grandfather, the late Mr. Roby Thorpe, of Nottingham. Lord Charnwood is the first Baron.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



THE townsmen's search at this season of the year is all for solitude. Saturday after Saturday they project themselves into the woods and forests, the banks and braes, the hills and valleys of the Home Counties, in a desperate endeavour to get away from each other. And all in vain. Because they will none of them really succeed in attaining isolation before the dusty month of August.

Yet there are under their very noses, in that Metropolis which they so desperately congest, oases of admirable solitude beyond the dreams of the Oasographer Royal, Mrs. . . . oh, I forget the name, but you remember all those photographs of camels, and all the other incidents of an explorer's adventurous career.

Yes. Isolation, solitary contemplation, maiden meditation fancy free, are all attainable without leaving the five-mile radius for Icklebury, the Home of the Dandelion, and Lovely Ugfont, and all those other Haunts of Ancient Peace to which Lord Ashfield's pictorial pencil directs your attention with weary iteration (and perfect propriety)—whatever Mr. Bradley may think about it.

Try Burlington House. At this stage of the summer (that is what the combination of rain with late sunsets is called in the North Temperate Zone) the tumult and the shouting have died, and the captains and the kings are all gone back to Streatham to fight their

desperately anxious for a change, one mustn't mind if it is sometimes a change for the worse.

One stands round-eyed and open-mouthed, staring at the populous walls and wondering how, if there were to be rejections, so much of this

spoiled canvas got in. There are several square yards of Mr. Cadogan Cowper's smooth, shiny ladies. Why, if there is room outside? There are great slabs of Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's Historical Moments, most of the portraits in which flatter unduly our powers of divination Why, if they are destined for National Valhallas, which there will be no need for us to visit?

But, of course, like any large show, it has its redeeming moments. The savage humour of Mr. Eric Kennington's portrait of Lord Pentland is crueller than Mr. Beerbohm when he is thinking of Lord Carson. But was it meant to be? The rest is silence.

Or rather, noise. Shrieks of Orpen from every wall, and soft repetitions of the old, old story by Sir John Lavery. Everyone pretends to draw deep spiritual comfort from Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Journey of the Spirit." But even fine painting is not enough to give meaning to Blake and water. And there is a statue of a soldier by Mr. Jagger which inclines one to import war memorials in bulk from Germany. Because it is exactly like what a war memorial in Swinemünde would look like.

"ADAM" GETS FIRST PRIZE FROM LADY CARRICK: A PICTURE FROM BAVENO.

Our photograph was taken at the Hotel Belle Vue, Baveno, Italy, and shows the Countess of Carrick presenting the first prize at a fancy-dress ball, to a competitor dressed as "Adam" in full leaf.—[Photograph by C.N.]

More cheering is Mr. Vyse's charming earthenware figurine of a flower-seller. And so are Mr. Parr's two little figures. But the sculpture is of a horror, except for a baby head by Mr. Reid Dick and a competent gallop by Sir W. Goscombe John over the familiar course provided by Mr. Lloyd George's features—or those of them that remain after Low and Mr. Beerbohm have done with them.

But a pretentious show, none of the performers in which are really entitled to exclude anybody on earth. The only consolation must be that inclusion in it carries with it "a Ticket of Admission to the Exhibition, as also to the ensuing Winter Lectures." Most of them might do worse than attend a few.

Frankly, one was depressed. Because the old stuff was effortlessly bad. But this was full of endeavour; but oh, so miserably carried out. One seemed to be in a room with a large number of people talking loudly on subjects of which they were profoundly ignorant. Dull. And dullness is, after all, the unforgivable sin in this world.



IN THE GARDEN BY THE SHORES OF LAKE MAGGIORE:
LADY CARRICK AND ONE OF HER SONS.

Lady Carrick has been staying at Baveno, on the western shore of Lake Maggiore, a beautiful spot looking on the Borromean Islands. Our photographer snapped her in the hotel gardens with one of her sons.—[Photograph by C.N.]

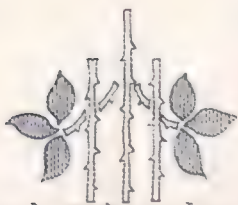
pictorial battles over again with the aid of "The Royal Academy Illustrated."

A notorious exhibition because of its exclusions. Yet it is rather as though a very bad club should try to capture distinction by a free use of blackballs. Because the persons and pictures that have got inside are alarming enough. The rule adopted seems to have been to admit whatever was pretentious. The painter of green trees and pink people finds his work rejected after years of admission, whilst the painter of green people and pink trees sweeps majestically up the stairs of Burlington House to public recognition after a cycle of Chelsea. Well, one *must* move with the times; and if one is

Miss Stuart, Stroke; and Mr. H. Edward, Polo Player.



WITH LORD WILLIAM
CECIL AS COX, AND
MISS STUART AS
STROKE: THE CECIL
LADIES' ROWING CLUB
EIGHT PRACTISING.



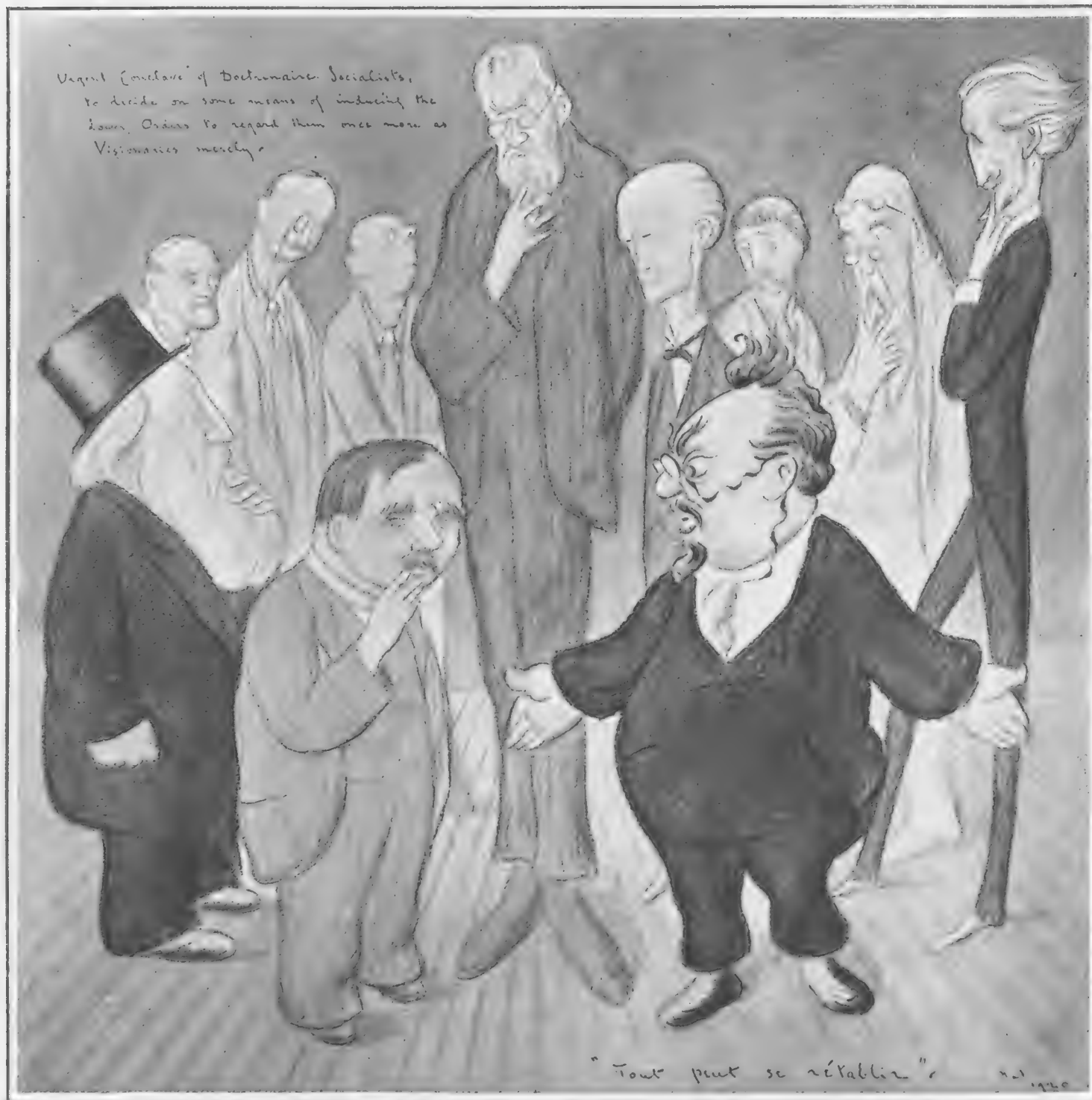
PLAYING POLO AT
ROEHAMPTON AS
MR. H. EDWARD:
THE PRINCE OF
WALES.



Our page shows two notable sports enthusiasts. Miss Stuart, who is the sister of the famous Cambridge stroke, is stroke of the Cecil Ladies' Rowing Club Eight, which is shown in our photograph practising on the River Lea, with Lord William Cecil acting as cox. It is hoped that during the summer this crew will meet a French ladies' eight.—

The Prince of Wales now plays polo on occasion as Mr. H. Edward. Our photograph shows him at Roehampton, where he played his own ponies for the first time recently. He has been "getting his prentice hand in" under the tutelage of Captain F. Rich—a thoroughly able instructor—and is very keen on the game.

Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



DOCTRINAIRE SOCIALISTS ACCORDING TO BEERBOHM: "TOUT PEUT SE RÉTABLIR."

The above gathering of Socialists according to Max Beerbohm is entitled "Tout Peut Se Rétablir," and bears the inscription "Urgent Conclave of Doctrinaire Socialists, to decide on some means of inducing the Lower Orders to regard them once more as Visionaries merely." Wells and Sidney Webb may be seen in the foreground, "G. B. S." in the centre; and R. B. Cunningham Graham is on the extreme right. The caricature is one of the new Maxes exhibited at the Leicester Galleries.

From the Caricature by Max Beerbohm. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others), and of the artist. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



PSYCHIC MATTERS: SIR OLIVER LODGE AND SIR E. RAY LANKESTER.

This delightful caricature of Sir Oliver Lodge, remarking, as he gazes at Sir E. Ray Lankester, "Strange, that a man who looks so very credulous . . ."; while Sir E. Ray Lankester is murmuring, as he contemplates the famous exponent of psychic matters, "Odd, that with such a brow . . ."

was drawn in 1914, but has been seen for the first time in London at the Max Beerbohm Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. "The Sketch" has been able to publish a number of these caricatures in recent issues, and two more examples of the great Max's art will appear exclusively in our next number.

From the Caricature by Max Beerbohm. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others), and of the artist.
Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.



A MADE MAN.

By WALTER E. GROGAN. (Author of "The King's Sceptre," "The King's Cause," etc.)

NORMAN SANT was very near a proposal. For some time Ruth had been aware of its imminence. She was the fifth and youngest child—all girls—of the Rev. Charles Elstin, rector of the extremely lean living of Lornington, so that the matter was one of some interest. But Norman was too easy-going, too contented, too devoid of all ambition. Ruth was not contented. Considering the daily fretting of small economies, this was not surprising. She was pretty; her mirror was not too small to tell her that, and she believed it implicitly.

They sat on the seat under the medlar-tree in the middle of the small lawn that ended in a large kitchen garden. The five girls had healthy occupation there.

"There is something I want to say, Ruth," he commenced.

"Yes?" she said indifferently. "Oh, Norman, if I were a man I would not stay an hour more in Lornington. Why do you?"

"Eh?" He was a little startled at her outburst. "Oh, I like the place. Don't you?"

"I loathe it. I feel cramped. What ever happens here? And there is the jolly big world just outside our little ring fence where anything is possible to a man."

"Oh, well!" He laughed a little bitterly. If that was what she felt about Lornington there was little hope for him. "I find Lornington all right. Some shootin' and golf and things. Jolly pleasant place."

"Have you no ambition, Norman?"

"Well, you see, what's the good? I shall get along all right at the little old office. There is no room for ambition in Lornington. I suppose the gov'nor does all the legal business there is to do. Ambition couldn't get more, could it?"

"But, Norman, there are other places than Lornington."

"Yes. Exactly. But I am quite comfy here." He stretched his long legs, and a smile of ineffable content spread over his handsome, boyish face. "Besides, the gov'nor couldn't afford to buy me a partnership in any other firm."

"No." Petulantly she beat a pretty foot, indifferently shod, on the ground. "Nor afford to give you a decent partnership in his own."

"He can't with the mater and the girls," Norman explained.

"Of course, I know that. And your brother in it, too."

"Dear old Jack."

"Yes, dear old Jack. Jack, who did so well in his exams, and is content—I don't understand it, Norman. Jack lives in a small house, keeps one maid, and takes his exercise in his garden."

"And is supremely happy. Nellie makes him a rattling good wife."

"I wonder," Ruth mused, "whether Nellie always thinks Jack makes a rattling good husband."

"She is most desperately fond of him—and the kids," Norman cried indignantly.

"Very likely. But do you think any mother wants to bring up a family in genteel poverty? If she has no ambition for her husband or herself, don't you think she may have for her children?"

"Is that what you think, Ruth?" he asked slowly.

"Yes," she answered, looking at her sister Grace in the distance digging potatoes.

"There was something I wanted to say, Ruth, but it does not seem much use now." He spoke quite miserably.

"And you are content to let it be no use!" she said sharply. His dejected look, his voice, made her very sure of him. There was no doubt that he was very much in love. So the great idea was formed. She would make him ambitious, make him succeed, make a man of him, not a vegetable. She was only eighteen—just the age when these great ideas seem so feasible—and she could afford to wait: to wait at least for a prospect of something better than Lornington, and a continuance of soul-destroying economies. Grace would be cross this evening, not because her temper was naturally bad, but because her back would ache.

"Not exactly content," he said wretchedly.

"Well, that's something." She smiled at him dazingly. "You have always been so contented that often I could have shaken you."

"You've jolly well shaken me now."

"If I were only a man!" She cupped her chin in her hands, and chose an elm and not Grace at which to look. "Oh, I would

not be satisfied to trudge along the ruts. I'd make a life that I should not be ashamed to ask a girl to share."

"Well, but—it's so damned easy to say these things. And after all, if you like the ruts——"

"But you shouldn't. It's—it's unmanly."

"I don't see what I could do different from the old office—even if I wanted to."

"Do? There's your acting." She looked at him breathlessly. She could do that without giving herself away, because he was examining the very poor grass at his feet. Was she beginning to stir him?

He smiled wanly at her remark. He was not indifferent to praise, even though he was a really excellent amateur.

"Oh, that! But an amateur actor is one thing, and a professional one another. Pretty rotten, tagging round the country, packing up and unpacking, and all that. The mater sees I'm made comfy as it is. Besides, I don't know that I'm much good. I might easily be worse off than I am now."

"How can you know if you don't try?" Ruth demanded scornfully.

"The rank and file are awfully badly paid," he suggested.

"But there are plums. Think of them, think only of them. Make up your mind to succeed. That is half the battle. But I suppose you will never move out of this awful backwater."

"I wonder," he said slowly, "if there is anything in what you say."

Ruth smiled. The leaven had commenced to work.

Lornington was astounded when it heard that Norman Sant, the son of Charles Sant senior, its principal solicitor and third inheritor in lineal descent of the small family practice, had gone to the stage. Such a thing had never been done before by any youth of Lornington. And Norman had always been such a model young man. As Mr. Trumpington said, "Why, he drew up my will! That shows what I thought of him. I shall get his father to look through it now. And I shan't pay him a ha'penny for doing so. Stage, indeed! Just play-acting." Which, after all, was an undeniable statement.

"My boy, you are throwing away a sure thing," Charles Sant warned Norman seriously.

"It is such a small sure thing," Norman murmured.

"You always knew that, Norman. Hitherto you have seemed perfectly content. As Jack is—and he has responsibilities." His father's tone was severe.

"Then he shouldn't be," Norman retorted. Ruth had inspired him with belief in success.

"You will write to me, Ruth?" he asked, just before leaving. "I am afraid my people won't be very interested in my career. I shall look to your letters to buck me up. I shall get a lot of the other sort."

"Of course, Norman." She was half-sorrowful and half-triumphant. She would miss him enormously. But if he stayed it meant such a small house and Lornington for ever and ever. And she really and truly believed in him, and was humanly pleased that her advice had prevailed. When he was famous she would have the triumph of knowing that it was all through her.

There was no engagement. Norman did not believe sufficiently in himself to warrant his speaking openly. But there was a tacit understanding.

She wrote constantly, and her letters certainly braced him up. All through his earlier disappointments they helped enormously.

"My dear pal Ruth," he wrote, "but for your letters I should have chucked the stage altogether and seen whether the gov'nor would take me back in any position. Of course, I could not expect the old partnership—sort of clerk, I suppose. But you were always so sure that I should make good that I struggled on. And now——" There followed an account of the first glimmer of Fortune's lantern. It was then rather a dark lantern.

The second year he was in America for four months, and returned to a fairly good part in London. He happened to be the type the producer of the new play wanted, and, of course, nowadays type is everything—to a producer. Ruth had encouraged him to go to America. He had done so much better than his people had ever expected that he had naturally wished to pay a visit to Lornington

[Continued on page 37.]

The Granddaughter of an Earl.



DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES AND LADY MARY STEWART: MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Colin Campbell is the widow of Captain Colin F. F. Campbell, Scots Guards, who was killed in the war, and the eldest daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Mary Stewart. She is a granddaughter of the

third Earl of Norbury, as her mother was, before her marriage, Lady Mary Graham-Toler. Our page shows a reproduction of her portrait by Leo Klin, the young Russian artist.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.



Amaryllis



Tu crois, ô beau soleil,
Qu'à ton éclat rien n'est pareil,
En cet aimable tems
Que tu fais le printemps;
Mais quoi! tu pâlis
Auprès d'Amaryllis.

Or que le ciel est gai
Durant ce gentil mois de Mai,
Les roses vont fleurir,
Les lys s'épanouir!
Mais que sont les lys
Auprès d'Amaryllis?

De ses nouvelles pleurs
L'aube va ranimer les fleurs;
Mais que fait leur beauté
A mon cœur attristé,
Quand des pleurs je lis
Aux yeux d'Amaryllis.

OLD FRENCH CHANSONS WITH SU

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SK

(The French words of the above song are taken from "Echos du Temps Passé," and are



Gwendolen

You fancy, swanky sun.
There isn't anyone
Has got you thrashed for show
When summer's on the go;
But you're switched off, cut out,
When Gwendolen's about.

Don't tell me that the rose
Out-blushes all that grows,
Or that the lily takes
For paleness all the cakes;
Gwen's rouge and powder-puff
Can beat them fast enough.

What rot! To say that dawn
With tears bedews the lawn,
If (Mantaliniwise)
Girls dim their precious eyes;
Such blighted pre-war wit
Would give young Gwen a fit.



PER-MODERN RENDERINGS.—No. VI.

ETCH' BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

published by permission of Messieurs Durand et Cie., 4, Place de la Madeleine, Paris.)



THE GREAT ONES AT HOME: NO. II.—MR. LESLIE HENSON—AND FLAT.

Mr. Leslie Henson, who is H. H. Harris' "victim" this week, is advanced in his ideas about decoration, and admires vividly contrasting hues about his flat. He also favours them in his dressing-gown, here 'true to life.' The famous comedian is not only

interested in decoration, art, and music, but fond of outdoor sports and, like his wife, Miss Madge Saunders, a keen golfer—witness the array of clubs and balls (floaters and non-floaters) which our caricaturist observed about the flat.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. H. HARRIS.



SOME years ago, I remember, a newspaper which shall be nameless published every day conversational hints. In brief phrases a variety of subjects, which apparently the reader would not have thought of for himself, were indicated, and thus equipped he might sally forth and not disgrace himself in any company. At tea or at dinner, he had only to recall the suggestions he had read that morning to acquit himself agreeably in the tournament of talk. Do you think that the seasons have changed? Should the scandals of the divorce court be published? What will win the Derby? Are women's dresses too long—or too short, as the case might be?—and so forth. There was a sufficiently long list each morning to enable one to get comfortably through the day.



LEAVING HIS MAJESTY'S LEVÉE: CAPTAIN WETHERED, WITH MRS. WETHERED.

Captain Wethered was one of those who attended his Majesty's levée last week. Our photographer snapped him leaving St. James's Palace accompanied by his wife.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.]

warm. I am not referring to politics, which in these days must be taboo in any self-respecting drawing-room. But, for example, it is dangerous to start discussing whether Bartholomée's statue of "Paris Pendant la Guerre" should or should not be placed in the Jardin des Tuileries. Passion runs high. Personally, I took the view, after seeing the monument on its proposed site, that it is utter nonsense to pretend that it destroys the finest perspective in the world—that magnificent avenue from the miniature Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, through the gardens, across the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs-Élysées, to the great Arc de Triomphe at the Etoile. But there are thousands of people who contend that the beauty of Paris is irremediably ruined because this white upstanding figure of a woman is placed somewhere between the two Arcs. Most of them, of course, have not been to see.

Rarely has more heat been imported into any discussion. The debates between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand are models of amiability in comparison with this. Life-long friendships have been broken; happy couples have been driven asunder; storms rage in every teacup, and there are earthquakes in every plate. Those who have never troubled to look down this wonderful vista defend it most furiously. What is worse is that in their anger they decry the statue. "What did Paris do during the war, anyhow," they cried, "that she should be commemorated?" "And how does this stalwart mannish figure represent Paris?" Apparently, they would prefer a dainty *midinette* or a charming creature in short skirts—Paris *avec le sourire*.

The chances of Carpentier are also canvassed, though with less fire. Sometimes, however, they are illustrated with more gesticulation—which is apt to become dangerous. We are all showing each other precisely how the greatest of French heroes will accomplish his task—or will fail. Public men of all kinds are being interviewed

by an army of reporters. They are waylaid in their bath, on the racecourse, at the theatre; asked for one word, one little word—Carpentier or Dempsey. We are all prophets. Never have I heard and read so many prognostications.

For the most part, in France, Carpentier is unhesitatingly tipped. The Parisienne is absolutely certain. Is not Georges so handsome? That may not be a reason, but it is as good as most of those which are given. I am told that enterprising betting men are accepting three to one against Dempsey in France, and three to one against Carpentier in America, so that, whatever happens, whether Dempsey wins or Carpentier wins, *they* will win! It is simple enough, but it had to be thought of.

Then we are much intrigued by Isadora Duncan's acceptance of an invitation to teach the Bolsheviks how to dance. Isadora Duncan is, of course, by long residence a Paris personality. We would not like anything dreadful to happen to her; and in many salons heads are being sadly shaken. Bolshevism retains all its primitive horrors for France, and Russia is a country where extraordinary tortures are invented. Have we not just been furnished with a proof of this in listening to the amazing ballet music of the latest Russian musician, Mr. Prokofieff? A people that is capable of producing "Chout"—!

A more pleasant subject is the appearance of James K. Hackett and Firmin Gémier together at the Odéon. There is a Shakespeare boom in France. Indeed, one may say that the success of Shakespeare is second only to the success of Sacha Guitry. But we cannot refrain from asking whether French and English should really be used in the same play on the same stage at the same performance. Mr. Hackett speaks in English, and M. Gémier responds in French. Even for the most bilingual auditor lively mental gymnastics are necessary. Only once before, to my knowledge, have two great actors of different nationalities appeared together, each speaking in his own tongue—Tommaso Salvini and Edwin Booth, at New York in "Othello." I am not at all sure that it is a happy idea to bring Babel on the boards.

Paris is particularly pleased to see in this galaxy of British, French, and American stars—among whom shines John Drinkwater, poet, playwright, and player—Sybil Thorndike. That story of how she was released for one evening only, of how Mr. José Leon consented to close his theatre during her absence, and of how Miss Thorndike arranged to fly to the French capital to play Lady Macbeth, does the Entente Cordiale no harm.



WATCHING THE POLO AT HURLINGHAM: MRS. HUMPHREY WINDHAM WITH CAPTAIN BIBBY AND FRIENDS.

Our snapshot was taken at Hurlingham, where Society gathers in full force to see the polo, and shows Captain Bibby discussing our chances with Mrs. Humphrey Windham and some friends.

Photograph by S. and G.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

IS YOUR RIGHT SIDE THE WRONG



LEFT AND RIGHT—LADY CONSTANCE MALLESON, THE WIFE OF A PLAYWRIGHT, AND ON THE STAGE AS COLETTE O'NEIL.



AN ACTRESS WHO PREFERS HER RIGHT SIDE: MISS JESSIE WINTER, WHO IS MRS. AUSTIN MELFORD IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Which is your better side—not moral or mental, but actually your prettier profile, the left or right? Mme. Yevonde, the well-known photographer, recently made the statement that, with most people, the left-hand side of the face is the handsomer and more regular, and ventured to suggest that this is owing to the fact that most of us slept on the right side as children, and this affected the soft bones of our faces. Other authorities have agreed that everyone has one side with which he ought to face the world—or at least the camera—as it is the better one; but some assigned a prosaic reason to this fact. Women, they say, can do the left-hand side of their hair

SIDE OR THE RIGHT SIDE?



SEEN FROM BOTH SIDES: MISS FAY COMPTON, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN "THE CIRCLE."



AN ACTOR WHO SAYS HE "HAS NO PROFILE" SEEN FROM LEFT AND RIGHT: MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.

more becomingly than the right! Our page illustrates the question, for it shows three of our prettiest and best-known actresses—Miss Colette O'Neill, who is in private life Lady Constance Malleon, the wife of Mr. Miles Malleon, the well-known playwright; Miss Fay Compton, and Miss Jessie Winter, who, by the way, prefers her right-hand side—and one well-known actor, who isn't really interested in which side of his face is "the prettier," as he declares that he hasn't got a profile at all, and much prefers full face. Still, Mme. Yevonde has pictured his side face from left and right, for the benefit of *Sketch* readers!—[Photographs by Yevonde.]

Mark Twain's "Sir Boss"—as Seen by the Queen.



CAUSING CONSTERNATION BY HIS "PUT IT HERE": THE YANKEE AT ARTHUR'S COURT.



SAVED BY AN ECLIPSE: THE YANKEE GAINS HIS LIFE BY THREATENING TO TAKE AWAY THE SUN.



KNIGHTS IN MOTOR-CARS: PREPARATIONS FOR SIR BOSS, THE YANKEE'S DUEL.



A FINE SPECTACULAR EFFECT: MORGAN LE FEY'S CASTLE BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE.



ENTERING THE LISTS TO JOUST AGAINST SIR BOSS: SIR SAGRAMORE.



A PERFECT VILLAINESS: WICKED MORGAN LE FEY.

The film version of Mark Twain's "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," which was witnessed by the Queen when first produced at the Alhambra last week, manages to retain the spirit of brilliant silliness which characterised Mark Twain's book, although it has been brought up to date by topical jokes. The Yankee, played by Harry Meyers, is knocked down by a burglar and

fancies himself among the Knights of the Round Table. He has many adventures, and is only saved from death at the stake by remembering that an eclipse of the sun is due, and using this knowledge of modern times. He falls into the power of Morgan le Fey; is again sentenced to death and rescued; fights a duel, and has other adventures.



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A lovely grey georgette gown with charming floral design and a band of grey finely corded ribbon at the waist.

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Without Prejudice

THEATRICAL history is a miracle of false perspective. Like those stick-and-string affairs with which ingenious gentlemen simulate enormous vistas in tiny gardens. The annals of the stage are full of grave events and enormous catastrophes which matter to nobody and hardly lasted for a second after the fall of the curtain on the night of the Historic Performance. And the theatrical chronicler, poor dear, makes this flimsy stuff into the Outlines—as Mr. Wells would say—of History.

But his real error is that he is perpetually looking in the wrong direction. Like a race-course crowd. Because his eye is glued to the small end of his opera-glasses, and their lenses are permanently and exclusively engaged in raking the stage. Whereas, he would find objects of far more lasting interest if he looked in the audience and told us about that. We know all about the capillary attractions of Mr. Owen Nares. What we want to know is what Mr. Balfour thought about the performance. So let this stand for an Earnest Plea for the study of audiences.

Now, audiences, like soup in English hotels—and, for the matter of that, like ladies in English hotels, too—are of two kinds (loud cheers, in which *Cæsar De Bello Gallico* joined). The first kind goes there to see. It arrives early, leaves late, and sits quite still in the intervals. But the second, oh, the second is a wicked, worldly affair, which has quite frankly come to be seen. For this kind the most important part of the performance is that nice, well-lighted Act when the curtain is down and the lights are all up in front and one can shout and crane and stand up with one's back to the orchestra (to give the Upper Circle a chance to see), and there is no competition in conspicuousness by all those other people behind the footlights.

You may get the contrast readily if you go on two successive days to a solemn Stage Society performance, where they adjust their horn-rimmed spectacles to see, and to the now-quite-distant-but-still memorable (*Hoch!*) première of those strayed Russian revellers whom

M. Diaghileff leads round Europe. At the latter they kept fairly still during the performance (except when they were clapping their little hands off at *Lopokova Redux*). But they made up for it in between. Mobs of them. And all in Spanish shawls. From Liberty's.

Of the performances one can find nothing new to say. Because, apparently, the Ballet can find nothing new to do. But one is quite content to sit back and watch the reeling foolery of the "Boutique Fantastique," even without Massine. M. Woizikowsky makes gallant efforts, and Lopokova is effortlessly herself. And the shopping families are delightfully unchanged. There is always something pleasantly incongruous about the "Sylphides"—like a racing motorist doing a *haute école* circus act. Here are the most accomplished performers in highly coloured charades in Europe pirouetting ever so prettily in the old, classical style.



SINGING "BUTTERFLY KISSES": MISS JOYCE BARBOUR IN "PUSS! PUSS!" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Joyce Barbour is one of the principals who help to make "Puss! Puss!"—the new revue at the Vaudeville—a big success. Our photograph shows her in the "First Miaow" of the second act, singing "Butterfly Kisses."—(Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.)

all their glory? No. (ALL: Shame!) It was a Play with a Meaning shipped over from Germany as part of the indemnity. About a Genius. And a Woman. And a Man. Oo, crammed with significance. And psychology. And all that.

The best thing about it was M. Komisarjevsky's picture of the domestic interior of a Teutonic novelist, complete with rows and rows of books and pictures of that precise degree of banality always described as Choice Engravings, and a dreadful brass tea-urn. And a Wife With a Past. Not, you remark, a novel notion. True. But one had never seen it blown out, like a paper bag, to such a portentous length—and exploding, like a paper bag, with such an empty pop.

But how well it was acted! Mr. Dyall's genius was a work itself of genius. And Miss Sylvia Young looked more like Gretchen the maid than one could have believed possible. Miss Helen Haye struggled bravely to make the erring wife come alive. And Mr. George Relph succeeded in making the wicked Man do the reverse. With a revolver. But why threaten us with a murder and suicide in Act II. of a three-character play? Because we know it won't come off. You can't carry on the last act with no people except one man and a speechless servant, you know.



"MIAOWING" A BIG SUCCESS AFTER HER AUSTRALIAN TOUR: MISS LEE WHITE IN "PUSS! PUSS!"

Lee White is at her fascinating best in "Puss! Puss!"—the new revue in which she and Clay Smith appeared at the Vaudeville after their Australian tour. It is a cosy, *intime* show, presented in a series of "miaows," in which the popular Lee White has plenty of scope for the display of her versatile talent. Our photograph shows her with two of the black cat mascots which give the revue its name. If you are lucky you will get a little replica of one when you go to the show, for Lee throws some to the audience to catch at the end of the evening.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



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BABY'S development through the months of infancy—the increase of physical activity, the dawn of intelligence—form the most fascinating features of child life. The continuous progress that is so gratifying to the watchful mother depends upon the use of foods correctly adapted to the stages of development through healthy infancy to sturdy childhood. This is the chief characteristic of the system known as

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"Yes; but I've just read that his breed is out of fashion—so I've sold him."

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Overheard at the Club Window.



A "MONKEY" for 3d.

- COLONEL. Well, boys, you can plunge on mine Wednesday. I've tried it to win easily, and it will be a good price. You know I don't say this sort of thing without being pretty sure of my ground.
- SIR EDWARD. No, I remember last time you told us to back one of yours, and it simply rolled in at 8's. I wired 50 "each way," so I'm not likely to forget.
- COLONEL. Good! So you cleared 500 of the best?
- SIR EDWARD. Not much, old top. My man said the wire "never reached him," and according to his rules there was "nothin' doin'."
- LORD BOB. Teddy, my boy, I thought you knew better. You should have wired it to my man, Douglas Stuart; then, even if the wire were "lost," a simple "Certified copy" of the telegram, costing three-pence, would have been sufficient, and you'd have got your cheque for 500 Monday. "*Fancy a 'Monkey' for Three-pence!*"
- COLONEL. Well, make up for it Wednesday, but be sure you send it to "Duggie."

WRITE TO-DAY and open a **CREDIT ACCOUNT**

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A VAGABOND IN BOOKLAND.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



JANE BURR'S new kaleidoscope of morality from Broadway and the East Side is a kaleidoscope that has a touch of nightmare in its method. Restrained art is not in Jane's line; she clubs you with an incident and whacks you with a phrase, all in the beautiful American language (nothing of Howells' or Holmes' delicacy about this), while she sets up the most surprising emotional situations. You feel, after reading "The Glorious Hope," just as you feel in little old Noo York, after a kind friend has dragged you all day from house to house introducing you to endless people, who make a loud noise skilfully to assure you they're "pleased to meet you." You're edified, if battered. Mad, therefore, though this book may appear, there is method in it, and more than a suggestion of wisdom.

Eve Kerwin, very unsophisticated, came from Port Illington, Wisconsin, to push her fortune in New York. She had just one thousand dollars capital and one introduction. But the person she sought, "short-waisted Anna Dickenson," had "gone over with a shipload of Holy Bibles to China." However, the present occupant of Anna's flat, Marj Prouty, welcomed Eve, and plunged her the same night into an artists' revel of amazing giddiness and vulgarity, where virtue and free manners dwelt together in unity. Men crowd in upon Eve, and in about two days she is married to Stanley Bird the artist, a futile genius whom she would mother into success. Eve was out herself for literary fame, but Bird crushes her aspirations in his own interests. They hang together for two years in loving misery, and then separate. Bird would not work, and Eve had to keep him by slaving as a typist. Enter an unknown dramatist with the play of plays to type. Eve, now with her own business and a big connection, literary and theatrical, produces the play herself, and sees the beginnings of wealth and fame. But all the time she longs for Stanley, who left alone is working successfully. One day she will return to him. But when that day comes he has disappeared. By this time a more virile lover, Bob Casey, has assailed and conquered her. Quick-change divorce and re-marriage. Departure of Eve, alone, to Paris to secure the services of Moineau, the new great scenic artist, for another inspired play she is putting on. It would not be fair to reveal who Moineau, the much-married and familed, is. In bald outline the book seems impossible. Read it and see. It looks here like a happy hunting-ground of Improprity. There is not a single impropriety in it. Eve's supreme passion, her real mission, was to be Mrs. Quiverfull. That, not fame, was her Glorious Hope. Our cousins have strange ways of driving home a domestic moral, and this story is one of the strangest examples. You'd think you were in New Corinth, and all the time you're really in the Garden of Eden. The suddenness of it all, the apparent scandals and improbabilities are due merely to the air of Manhattan, *i.e.*, Mad-hatter, Island.

In his new book, "Sapper" is very much demobbed, and altogether the Society person. He goes hunting, country-house-partying, and man-about-town-ing with the old noblesse. Consequently he disapproves of the New Rich as heartily as *Punch*. A profiteer trying to ride to hounds gives "Sapper" acute anguish. But in his post-war *high-lif* phase he remains the same vigorous and ingenious story-teller. "The Man in Ratcatcher" isn't by a long way the best yarn in the book of that title. It's about the return of Danny Drayton, who was officially killed at Flanders—the reminiscent war-touch is ever-present. The situation is not exactly new, and it just approaches a tearful sentimentality one could dispense with. But when we come to "The Unbroken Line," "Sapper" offers a problem in family pride worth consideration. Perhaps Lord and Lady Fingarton sinned to keep the Fingarton line unbroken, but there were circumstances to justify the former Countess's pretended death and the Earl's remarriage. Anyhow, the author persuades you to accept his

story, and his portrait of the "dead" Lady Fingarton in her "tomb" in Skye is a memorable thing. Mr. McNeile can hit off the young people of to-day as deftly as the old people of yesterday. See "The Real Test" for proof of this. His stuff is so good that one wishes he'd cashier The Young Writer's First Adverbs—"instinctively" and "almost unconsciously"—which he repeats to irritation in this book. A remark of Lord Fingarton's exactly describes "Sapper's" way of writing: "I have no tricks of speech to captivate your imagination. Yet I have an idea that the story I have to tell requires no assistance." And that's just that.

I don't know whether Mrs. Maud Diver's readers (that great company) take Indian problems seriously, however eagerly they read the novelist's romances of the East. But whether they weigh the purpose of "Far to Seek" or not, they will not be disappointed of thrills and Indian colour. Home colour, too, there is in abundance; the country house and its society; Oxford, with its youth, both fair and dusky; and a great variety of people to keep the action stirring. The Desmonds reappear, but this is the story of Roy Sinclair, son of old friends of the Diver creation, the wonderful Rajput princess, Lilamani, and the English artist, Sir Nevil Sinclair.

That is where the crux lies, for in Roy we have a very fine strain of half-caste (one hesitates to use the word in his case, he is so perfectly English), but he provides an ingenious vehicle for the statement of a case. Aruna, the Rajput girl educated in England, makes

an excellent foil to Roy. She is most romantic and attractive, however, when she is pure Indian, and her little drama of divination at the Feast of Lights lifts her into an atmosphere rather unusual in Mrs. Diver's work. It is Simartha in an Indian setting. Roy's fate, matrimonially, trembles between West and East. The final inclination of the balance will please one school of thought, although you are left asking whether it sustains the thesis of the novel. The solution of the Anglo-Indian problem is still far to seek.



ONE OF OUR FINEST PLAYWRIGHTS: MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, WHOSE LATEST PLAY WAS PRODUCED AT THE COMEDY LAST WEEK.

Two of Mr. Galsworthy's plays are now running in London, as his new piece, "A Family Man," has just been produced at the Comedy, with Mr. Norman McKinnel as John Builder; and his grim little murder play, "The First and the Last," is to be seen at the Reandean season of special matinees at the Aldwych.

Photograph by Hoppe.



THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT AND NOVELIST: MRS. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Mrs. John Galsworthy is the wife of the famous novelist and playwright, whose "A Family Man" was produced at the Comedy last week.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



AUTHOR OF "IF," AT THE AMBASSADORS': LORD DUNSANY.

Lord Dunsany, the poet-peer, is having a big success with his new play, "If," in which Henry Ainley and Gladys Cooper are appearing. It is a humorous, imaginative fantasy, which begins at The Acacias, in the suburbs, and carries the audience well and truly to the East during its course, and is delightfully acted and presented.

Photograph by Hoppe.

The Glorious Hope. By Jane Burr. (Duckworth; 8s. 6d.)
The Man in Ratcatcher. By "Sapper." (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)
Far to Seek. By Maud Diver. (Blackwood; 8s. 6d.)



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MOTOR DICTA



PETROL SLUMPS SIXPENCE: TRADE TROUBLES.

By GERALD BISS.

EVERY little helps in these hard times, and with such a pronounced shortage of coal it is pleasant to find a glut of oil—a sort of "widow's cruse" stunt coming to the rescue at the critical moment, and hinting broadly to our beetle-browed delvers after coal that there are more things under the earth than ever they dreamt of in the way of fuel, both on road, rail, and water. It is especially pleasant, too, after the shortage of oil from which we suffered during the war, and the way in which the pious controllers were able to play "up prices" at their own sweet will. Never shall we forget that philanthropic aphorism that the price of petrol was what it paid the purveyors to peddle it at; so we must take this drop in the spirit in which it is unwillingly meant. But a mere drop in the bucket it is—a tanner a gallon; but, as I have premised, every little helps in these hard times. Poor old grab-all benzol, the home-produced rival which was once upon a time to have relieved the situation, but preferred to play up to petrol traditions with brazen face, finds itself somewhat in queer street owing to its dependence upon coal, but forced to come into line; but it can hardly hope for much sympathy from motorists on account of past favours. And now natalite has arrived, proven and tested from the land of its birth, which gives it its name; and let us hope that soon all difficulties in this quarter will be surmounted and that we may find a real price competitor both to freely imported petrol and stingily home-produced benzol, as in these underproof days we have to look at the price in automobilism, like everything else.

Auto-Brands from the Burning.

Nothing wants the end of this coal business and a little touch of industrial warmth more than the motor industry at the moment. Since the end of last summer, when the slump seriously set in, it has from highest to lowest put up a gallant fight against odds from all sides; and to my mind it is wonderful how comparatively few and unimportant the casualties have been up to date, though values have dropped almost out of calculation. Recently it has been announced that two very big concerns in the Austin and the Angus-Sanderson have weathered their monetary troubles and got their finances fixed up all right. In the former case I can imagine no greater blow possible to the whole industry than for things to go agley with such a huge concern, turning out such good stuff on such a large scale, and really putting up a fight for the overseas as well as the home markets. As it is, now, in addition to its standard "20's," its lorries, its tractors, and its lighting sets, Sir Herbert Austin—always "Pa" in the motor world—will shortly put a 10-h.p. model upon the market, in addition to

several new varieties of the "20," three new enclosed types, and a sports model. The Angus-Sanderson (which made a decided hit from the start, but got tied up through ill-digested conceptions of the simplicity of mass production, which involved enormous expenditure and grave delays at the critical moment, causing it to miss its financial market) has been pulled together by the intervention of the British Spyker Company, backed by the agents throughout the provinces—as fine a testimonial as any car could possibly wish to have; but its programme will have to be curtailed, and the huge works at Birtley, with their enormous overhead charges, cut out. In future the Angus will be built at New Southgate, London, N., at Tylor's works, where originally only the engines were to have been made. Well, here's success to it upon the new lines after a hard fight against undeserved extinction. Now, on top of these two big 'uns snatched from the burning, similar good news of an easier state of affairs in the big Bean family will be very welcome on every side. Anyhow, the financial situation in the motor industry all round is less strained than it was a few weeks ago, and there is no saying what a little touch of sunshine might not do. Here's hoping!



THUMBS UP FOR HUMORIST! HER PRIVATE GRAND STAND ON TOP OF A CAR.

Our photograph shows how one spectator saw the Derby—in comfort from her private grand stand on top of a car, and accompanied by her "Thumbs Up" mascot.

Photograph by C.N.

Internal Rumblings and Grumbings.

Meanwhile, from within are heard ominous rumblings and grumbings over the November shows, which are, as at present arranged, to be repeated as before at Olympia and the White City. The immortals at Olympia are not grumbling, and think it a sort of ideal home exhibition; but the rumblings come from the more human White Citizens, who take it amiss that they should for the second season in succession be relegated to the purlieus of Shepherd's Bush instead of being translated to the aristocracy of 'Ammer-smith.

A committee of disgruntled White Citizens has been formed to negotiate better terms in their estimation, and more may be heard of this matter, which is causing so much heartburning within the sacrosanct Society itself. To outsiders it has but an academic interest, and my principal objection to the dual show business is that it makes for colds, coughs, and such bronchitic ills as patent-medicine-mongers make their fortunes out of. As for interest, there was more personal interest at Olympia last November, as it embraced the old brigade; but with the Packard, the Spyker, the Hispano, the Farman, and a whole host of others, together with the majority of the newcomers, there was certainly no lack of mechanical interest at the White City. At present, despite a certain shake-out, two simultaneous shows are an unfortunate necessity, as the motor industry has grown too big for its original winter overcoat.



THE FIRST ROYAL PROGRESS UP THE COURSE FROM TATTENHAM CORNER: THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE DERBY WITH PRINCESS MARY AND THE PRINCES.

For the first time in the history of the Derby the Royal party motored up the course from Tattenham Corner. The suggestion came from the King himself, who explained to Lord Lonsdale and Lord Derby how he proposed to enter from the track and cross the members' enclosure. This was sanded and a scarlet carpet laid up to the Royal box. The Royal party consisted of the King and Queen, Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught. The procession was not, however, reminiscent of the Ascot progress, as the Royal visitors arrived in closed cars. They had a great reception.

Photograph by C.N.



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Through a Glass Lightly



HERE are two mottoes you might well bear in mind for the next Derby—or, come to fact, for any old race meeting there is—

"Fools rush in where horses fail to tread."

"The man who 'knows something' invariably backs something else."

I met a man last week who said he was going to the Derby. I asked him, with all the confidence of the tyro in these matters, "What

An American tourist visited—"Baedeker" in hand—the famous falls of Ladore. She had been told all about Southey, some obscure English poet who had "just let himself go" in his descriptive onomatopoeic poem (bearing the same title as the falls!). But she was unimpressed. The guide began to recite a few lines of the poem—all about splashing and dashing and crashing and smashing and flashing and bashing as the waters come down at Ladore. The American saw "nothing to it," and began talking about Niagara. The guide pointed out that Niagara had never inspired such poetry as the waterfalls of Ladore. Closing her guide-book, she turned away and, shrugging her shapely shoulders, said, "Wha? Call them warrerfalls! How paltry!"

A dotard in fair Auchterarder,
When he heard of the Spanish Armada,
Said: "These people from Spain
May come back here again,"
So he shut himself up in his larder.

I asked a rejected bachelor: "What is a woman's heart?" He said: "A woman's heart is that which beats any tune that pleases her."

No man really loves a woman unless he does.

Clothes make the man—said the sartorial sage: but it's the tailor or his agent (collecting) that makes the man—pay.

As the Bard might have said: "All the world's a—farmyard, and all the men and women merely poultry."

I have the sweet fortune to be uncle to twins. They are a couple of bright lads, but of totally different temperaments. The one is studious and plodding; the other is lazy and erratic, but of a quick and ready wit. Usually this latter gets through his school exams with ease, while his twin brother has to slog and fag and study and plod to keep in the lists. Nevertheless, this term the plodder has won, and has been raised to a higher form. I asked the flippant one last week if he were not ashamed of letting his brother go into a higher form. "If I thought I was going to be ashamed, uncle," he said, "I would not have allowed it." SPFX.



SELLING PROGRAMMES AT THE NEW OXFORD CHARITY MATINEE: MISS DAPHNE GRAHAM, MISS ST. JOHN, LADY CARNWATH, BARONESS BEAUMONT, THE HON. IVY STAPLETON, MISS ALLANAH HARPER, AND LADY GARVAGH. Our photograph shows a group of Society programme girls who were on duty at the New Oxford special matinee in aid of the devastated regions of France. The names read from left to right, and our group includes Lady Garvagh, who organised the band of programme-sellers.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

will win?" He answered simply, "Westward Ho!" Unthinkingly—my mind was not really on the race—I ventured a feeble jest and said, "Ah, are you a relative of Charles Kingsley?" He said, "Oh, no. I'm a humourist." Yet neither he nor I backed the winner.

The child mind knows and understands much more than most of us "old 'uns" think or believe. Now that summer has come—hush, touch wood!—a friend of mine has reopened his cottage by the sea. He, meanwhile, is compelled to stay in town, and has taken a bedroom at the club. The night before his wife and child left town for the country, baby added a tiny personal postscript to her evening prayer. It was: "And please, Dod, please take great care of Daddy while he's living in his club."

Said the cynical woman-hater: "Silence is the price of a woman's wisdom." To which Bluestocking replied: "Ignorance is the cost of a man's converse." Both, all wrong!

Down at the village of Never-by-the-Sea a poacher hooked a forty-five pound salmon. It was the pride of the parish, and the Chairman of the Parish Council decided to have the sample put on view in the village hall, charging a penny a piece for the exhibition, from which it was hoped to secure sufficient funds to advertise the place as a pukka resort for salmon-fishers. The fish was caught on Wednesday. By Friday morning it was on view at the hall, previous to being sent to market that night. But the coal strike interfered with the train service; the weather did not suit the salmon; Sunday closed the hall; and on Monday morning the monster catch was re-consigned to the vasty deep in an iron box. Fleet are the uses of advertisement.

Talking of Divorce—in answer to the much-propounded question: The difference between a man and a woman is usually the Difference.

What with the Derby and things, the coal strike didn't seem to matter. Only thing that matters is the matter of coal, which is no longer matter.

If you can't hit on any coal, strike oil.



MARRIED ON DERBY DAY: CAPTAIN THE HON. H. M. MORGAN-GRENVILLE AND MISS MARY MURRAY, WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS, TRAIN-BEARERS, AND BEST MAN.

The marriage of Captain the Hon. H. M. Morgan-Grenville, O.B.E., son of the late Major L. F. H. C. Morgan-Grenville and of Baroness Kinloss, to Miss Mary Murray, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Edward Murray and of Mrs. Edward Murray, took place on Derby Day at St. Mary's, Farnham Royal. The bride was attended by the Hon. Jane Fitzroy and Miss Janet Close-Smith; her train-bearers were Viscount Ipswich and Master Robert Morgan-Grenville; and Captain F. Drummond, M.C. acted as best man.



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In commerce I believe in taking the public into my confidence. Therefore I will state my policy for 1921.

Trade is precarious and unemployment rampant because we cannot trade internationally until the foreign rates of exchange are stabilised, and we cannot trade to any extent internally until the fluctuating markets have reached a fixed level.

That is why I have determined, irrespective of profit or loss, to stabilise the price of West-End Lounge Suits.

To arrive at the irreducible minimum for 1921, it is essential that the public should realise that West-End tailoring labour is double, and the cost of materials is treble that of pre-war. These are facts.

I have fixed my minimum for Lounge Suits at Ten Guineas. At this figure there will be little personal profit to me. This is a fact known by my Chartered Accountants now, and one which will be known by the Inland Revenue later.

At this minimum figure of Ten Guineas, a comprehensive selection of first quality materials will be offered, and the more expensive worsteds and cashmeres will be sold at Twelve to Fourteen Guineas.

To relieve any uncertainty that may exist, I make the deliberate statement that it will be utterly impossible under any circumstances to produce below these quotations during the ensuing year.

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VOGUES & VANITIES

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Are We Down-hearted?

Nine, or is it ten, weeks of coal strike at the time of writing? At the moment I can't precisely remember. But are we down-hearted? Not at all. You'd never think, to look at the crowds at Roehampton, or Ranelagh, or Hurlingham, that there were hundreds of silent factories in the land; that unemployment was increasing every day; that plenty of British mothers and British children, not to mention British men, were feeling the pinch of hunger; or that the Government were determined, really determined, to end the coal strike and its attendant drawbacks. Personally, the idea had never struck me till the Premier up and spoke out the other day; but he said so, or something like it, and he ought to know. So perhaps by the time these words are in print there won't be any more strikes to fill the public-houses up in the colliery districts, and the miners will no longer attend cock-fights, or dog-races, or whatever it is that appeals to their sporting instincts.

Looking to Ascot.

And, meantime, as I write, there's Ascot to look forward to, and the woman has yet to be born, coal strike or no coal strike, who's going to turn

Parasols, as you see, have highly original notions of shape and decoration.

hard-hearted away when the dressmaker puts his best foot—cr, as one should say, his best Ascot models foremost for her special benefit. There's no use pretending that the frock trade hasn't been sharing in the general "slump." It has, and a visit to any dress "house" you like will soon bring the fact home to you. But there's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip in the face of trouble, and the battalions and battalions of Ascot gowns that were "a-growin' and a-blowin'" in the West End salons some weeks ago bore brilliant testimony to the fact that the dressmaker is the most optimistic creature imaginable. Ella Fulton has sketched some of his "efforts" on this page, but, of course, there were heaps and heaps of others; and no doubt Henley and Goodwood and Cowes will, in due course, move him to further flights of dress fancy.—Meantime, of newcomers in the dress world, perhaps the most interesting is the lace cloak, and its first cousin

the crêpe georgette cape. Both, of course, are the most transparent attempt at wraps that have ever been devised, though it's quite easy, once you have seen them, to grasp why it is that women can't help falling a victim to temptation when it happens to take these two forms. Besides, the present fashions taught us long ago that the last thing one could expect of dress was to cover or keep its wearer warm. "Be smart, dear girl" is the advice the worldly mamma gives to the debutante daughter she's about to launch into the gay world of Society; and so long as Miss or Madam acts on the advice she can be pretty certain of a good time. Neglect of it leads to dreariness too unpleasant to contemplate.

Vegetarian Ideals.

Whatever the sins of which you can accuse the modern dress artist, monotony or want of initiative can't be included in the list. Just lately they seem to have been moved to express the mode in terms of vegetables.

Not the best or most aristocratic of vegetables either, mind you, but just common or garden ones, of the kind that the humblest horticulturist might grow in his or her garden. After which you won't be surprised to hear that a smart *mondaine* can cover her head with a hat that's positively loaded with garden produce. A sort of harvest thanksgiving affair on a not too small scale. And when I say harvest thanksgiving, don't think I'm exaggerating. What would you say to a hat adorned with a wreath of which the ingredients were onions, apples, potatoes, carrots, turnips, and pink radishes? "Impossible!" you say. Not at all. Hats like this are to be found in Bond Street and its

neighbourhood, and they're not so difficult to discover as you may be thinking.

All Ready.

Whether flaming June means to live up to its reputation or not, there are plenty of parasols ready for women to interpose between themselves and its attentions if the latter should get too warm, which in plain English means that the sunshade designers have been getting very busy indeed and that they're not going to let a little thing like the proverbial uncertainty of the English climate prevent them from "banking" upon a hot summer, and making varied preparations to meet the same. See the little parasol Ella Fulton has sketched on this page. Study its round, deep sort of cover with that flippant-looking trail of leaves and things dangling over one side. One can't help feeling it was intended to keep company with the vegetarian hat. Then there's the second parasol mode, and in this case, as you see, the thing is rather flat and the shape oblong, which doesn't mean that you can't get a square or an oval sunshade if you happen to prefer that shape, but simply that Fashion refuses to be tied to any one particular style; and, considering that tastes vary so vastly, there's no earthly reason why she shouldn't do what she likes about parasol fashions, just as she does in regard to dresses or hats.

Longer Skirts.

Mention of dresses is a reminder of the attempt to bring in long skirts—an attempt that one can't help hoping is doomed to failure. It's true that now and again one meets skirts several inches longer than those most generally seen. But there's no getting away from the fact that they are not smart, and, if the expression on the faces of the women wearing them means anything, not comfortable either.



A veil is a hat-decoration rather than a face-protection these days.



Here is a lace cape. If you guess it's for Ascot, you will be quite right.



One used to trim hats round the crown; now the edge of the brim is decorated. And it looks nice just the same.



This parasol confirms the statement that you never know what shape a sunshade will take.

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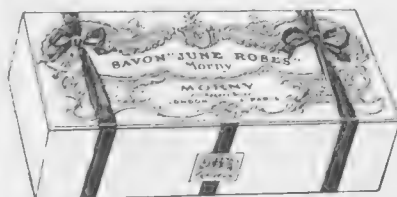
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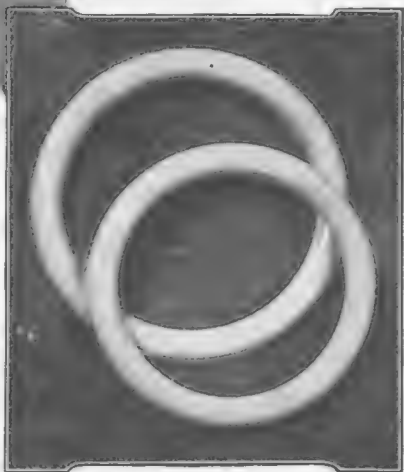


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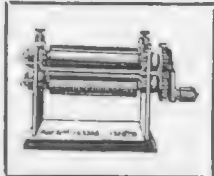
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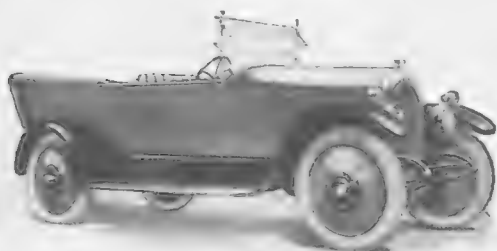
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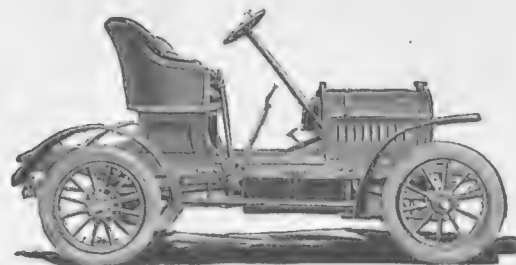
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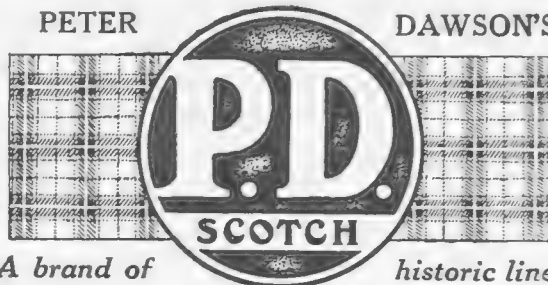
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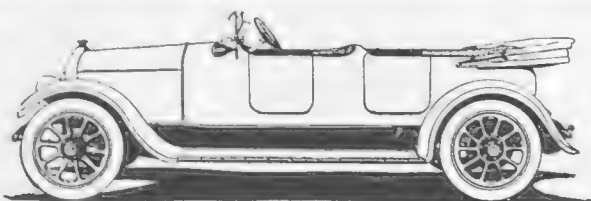
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The 25 h.p. TALBOT is one of the most successful
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(the petrol consumption under touring conditions averages
18/21 miles to the gallon), this car is unbeatable. Hereunder
we give prices of the three models for the 1921 season.

The CLEMENT-TALBOT Co., Ltd. have pleasure in
announcing a price reduction in all three models; the
25 h.p., the 36 h.p. 6-cyl., and the 15 h.p. This reduction
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15 h.p.	Chassis ...	£795
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TALES WITH A STING—A MADE MAN.—[Continued from p. 364.]

instead. But Ruth's advice was so wise. "Follow up," she wrote. "You can't afford to rest on your oars." Norman had obeyed. It was his American success that had brought him to the notice of the producer. It was all Ruth's work. He owed his chance to her. He could never thank her enough—never. But for her he would have been content to follow down the family rut. He enlarged on this theme in his letters.

Ruth glowed with the consciousness of a great work well done. She had planted ambition in a meanly contented heart. She had, in short, made a man of Norman. Soon he would be in a position to complete the proposal she had checked. How wise she had been!

The telegram was brief: "Am coming to-morrow. Four o'clock. Glorious news.—NORMAN."

His letters during the past few months had not been so frequent. He was busy. But she must write. Her letters bucked him up enormously. What a wonderful thing it was to have so loyal a pal. When he came back to Lornington he would be able to say what he felt. He was rotten at writing letters.

Now he was coming. She chose to wait for him on the seat under the medlar-tree. It seemed the right thing to do. But she carefully shooed away Grace and her other sisters from all work in the kitchen-garden.

Ruth was warmed by the thought of how right she had been. She had made her sacrifice, too. Three years of Lornington Rectory and the daily round, the common, very common task. If she had not spurred Norman into restless ambition two of these years might have been spent with him in a small villa like Jack's, where at least there would not have been so many sisters.

He came at last, and her heart beat rapidly. She had not realised how much she cared. He held himself more upright; he had an air; there was a greater ease in his movements; he was essentially a man of the world—eager, ambitious, self-confident. Her work!

How glad she was that she had insisted! But for that they might have been doomed to share a humdrum life of keeping up appearances in a little town where everybody knew how hollow they were. Behold now a radiant future! The first nights where she was pointed out as the perfectly gowned pretty wife of the famous Norman Sant! The paragraphs in the papers! The receptions in their wonderfully appointed little house! And all because she had been so wise. Her heart beat so triumphantly that it nearly suffocated her.

He held out his hands to her.

"Little pal!" he cried. "My dear Ruth, I have great news. I had to come to you first. You can guess why?"

"Yes," she said, in a smothered voice.

"I am to be the lead at the Crown Theatre."

"Norman! This is wonderful." Even she had not dreamt of the Crown Theatre yet.

"You—it was you, Ruth, who advised me to go to America. Through that I was given my first part in the West End. And that led to my meeting—"

"Horndon." She filled in the pause with the name of the theatre's lessee.

"Better still—far better. His daughter Olivia, one of the most beautiful women in London . . . she persuaded her father. Ruth, isn't it wonderful? She is to be my wife. And I owe it all to you."

THE END.

The photograph of "Dawn," the sculpture of an infant's head by Mr. W. Reid Dick, A.R.A., published in our issue of May 25, was by F. Hilaire d'Arcis, 44, Oxford Road, Kilburn, the photographer from whom prints of this photograph may be obtained. The Editor regrets that it was incorrectly acknowledged.

Most of us know the medicinal value of petroleum; nevertheless, there are still some who do not know of the number of ways in which it is prepared, and the number of medicinal uses to which it is beneficially put. The old Egyptians and the ancient Greeks used petroleum as a preventive and as a healer. Down through the ages it has always been used, but, lacking the scientific modern refining processes, it suffered from its own unpleasant taste and smell. Now, through the enterprise of the William Browning Company, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.1, we have at our disposal close upon fifty dainty and delicate preparations—liquids, creams, pastes, and powders—which are curative, keep everything looking its best, and are delightful to use. "Semprolax Brand Snow" is a most excellent vanishing cream, making the skin soft, velvety, and white. "Semprolax Laxative Conserve" is a most useful preparation, being delicious to the palate, therefore beloved by little folk. It does not taste or look the tiniest bit oily. It must not be confused with unpalatable confections made from petroleum jelly, which cause nausea and indigestion. "Semprolax" mixes easily with digestive fluids and can be taken even by dyspeptics. "The Browning Book," which is filled with interesting information on this subject, will be sent on application to the Company.



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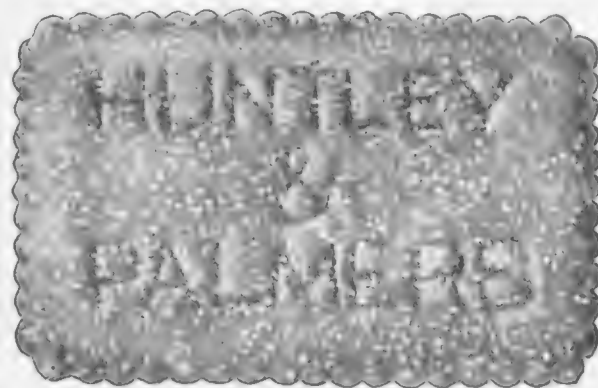
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In four sizes, Ladies' and Men's; packed in one dozen and half dozen boxes, with the Dorcas pictures on the covers. Look for the Dorcas label on every handkerchief.

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*"Is suited to the
most sensitive
skins and is an
IDEAL SOAP
for NURSERY
USE"*

Medical Press.

Protects from Infection



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Splendid King and Queen.

We had an unofficial visit from the King and Queen of the Belgians last week, when they flew from Brussels to Dover, and motored from Dover to Portsmouth to welcome their younger son, who has been a cruise on one of our training ships. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth have always loved this country. From the time of their marriage until the death of King Leopold, it was their habit to spend a good part of almost every year at some seaside place in England. Next month their Majesties will arrive *en grande tenue*, to pay a State visit—the first of any Sovereign to our King and Queen since the war. They will be here for American Independence Day, when some special function will, without doubt, couple the heads of heroic Belgium with the Transatlantic Allies. There will be a magnificent reception here for this splendid King and Queen.

The Princess in White.

So far this year, the tailor-built coat and skirt has come very much back to its own. Even the hot days found women out in what they now call "suits." The Queen and Princess Mary were no exceptions. I have come to the conclusion that our young Princess never looks so really pretty, nay, lovely, as when she refrains from wearing colour. All in white, or all in cream, or in palest grey, her own beautiful colouring gets a chance; also the violet-blue of her eyes and the sheen of her hair come quite to their own. Even a pink rose or a blue bow mars the effect. The Queen's pastel colours, which she much affects, suit her beautifully now that her hair is white. With pink-and-white complexions, blue eyes, and fair hair inclining to gold, colour is apt to be trying. Dame Nature, having been lavish of good gifts, declines to be successfully rivalled.

Good News for Many. Among those things which are most deeply resented by woman is the appearance of hairs on her neck, arms, or face. Yet they come—one of the worst evils that feminine flesh is heir to.



Photo. Foulsham and Ranfield.
Redfern has designed this wonderful collarette and muff of ivory chiffon velvet and monkey fur—worn over a dress of Spanish lace and ciré ribbon—in order that the shoulders and hands of the fair weaver may be warm.

There are many methods which claim to eliminate them, and many women have made themselves martyrs to these methods without result more than temporary. Helen Lawrence, 167, Kensington High Street, W.1, has an original treatment which attacks the hair-roots and eventually destroys them. A sample to demonstrate the efficiency of this method is sent post free for 2s., the ordinary size for home treatment being 12s. 6d., and personal application at Kensington, 10s. 6d. This will be good news for many women.

The Pearl Triumphant.

There is much talk of the Japanese pearl culture, and some women say that pearls will suffer in fashionable favour. That is rather a vulgar and rapidly rich way of looking at the matter. The majority of women love pearls because of their beauty and their becomingness. Sessel pearls we all knew, and the smartest of us wore, before Japanese pearl culture was heard of, and Sessel pearls are as lovely as any ever dredged up from the bed of the sea. There is much more likely to be a boom in pearls from the latest development than a slump, and from the fact that our own Sessel pearls at 14 and 14A, New Bond Street are as beautiful as any, and much less in price than those from Japan. A Sessel collar of fine pearls, with 18-carat gold clasp, for four guineas, is a lovely possession. All diamonds in Sessel jewellery are real, save a series of ornaments in Sessel pearls and scientific diamonds specially priced at two guineas, and guard rings and bracelets at four and eight guineas.

YOUR SILK STOCKINGS WILL LAST

'TEN TIMES AS LONG' NO MORE LADDERS!

Think what this means in £ S. D. You may now obtain for half-a-crown

"The Cutest Little Instrument"

with which you can Easily, Quickly, and Invisibly take out every

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You Cannot Tell Where the Ladder Was

No silk or thread is required, and one instrument will mend

"HUNDREDS OF PAIRS OF STOCKINGS!"

"So simple that a child can use it."

How is that for Economy?

The *Laddknit*

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3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
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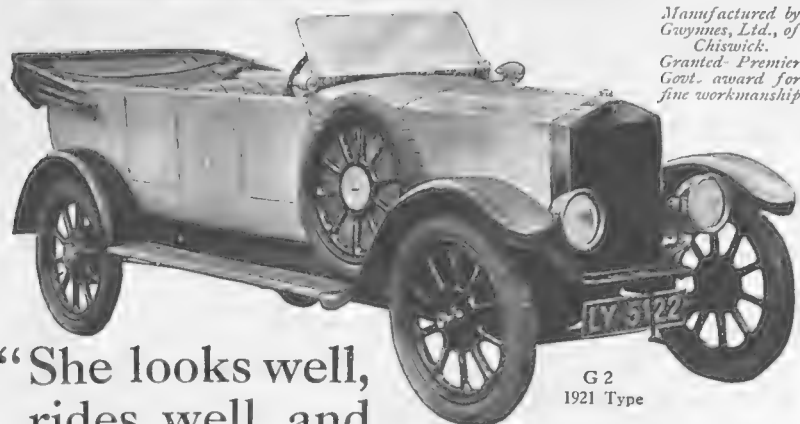
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A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

"Those you have done for me have done exceptionally well, and I like them better than new tyres; your retread is far more firm and lasting."

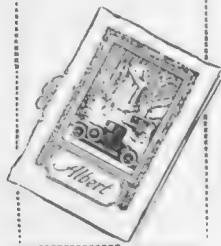


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Granted Premier
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"She looks well,
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I vow she will wear well" — W. H. BERRY
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be in the hands
of every intending
motorist. It de-
scribes comprehen-
sively all models of
the 11-9 Albert Car



Writing in the *Evening Standard* of April 22nd,
1921, Mr. W. H. Berry also says:—

"After a stiff trial, I can only say that, even
"taking into account the reputation of the makers
"as first-class engineers, it is difficult to see
"how the vehicle can be built for the money."

The Albert

4-SEATER & 2-SEATER MODELS

PRICE £495 COMPLETE

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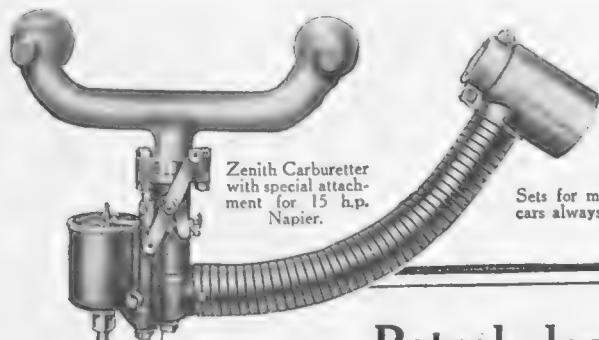
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IS UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED**

What is not so widely realised is the low price at which these products
are available. In this regard the following particulars of the prices of
Fiat Touring Cars are of interest. Incidentally, owing to a feature of Fiat
design, they afford, with ample horse-power, an annual economy in
taxation expenditure.

Particular attention may usefully be directed to the six-cylinder Model
in regard to both these features. Most people imagine that when
buying a six-cylinder Car they are necessarily committed to high
initial outlay and excessive annual taxation. Such, at least, as the figures
given below go to prove, is not the case with the Fiat 20-30 h.p. Model.

10-15 H.P.

Chassis	complete with tyres	£510	Tax
Torpedo Body	"	£670	£11
Interior Drive Saloon	"	£835	

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Chassis	complete with tyres	£750	Tax
Torpedo Body	"	£995	£14
Limousine Landauette	"	£1,145	

20-30 H.P.

6-cyl. Chassis	complete with tyres	£920	Tax
Torpedo Body	"	£1,240	£21
Limousine Landauette	"	£1,335	

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BUT—THINK OF IT NOW!

Last year we sold over 100 complete Motor Launches, and the demand was such that only
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This is the ideal healthful motoring. Inexpensive, too! No tyre bills, no punctures,
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Write for Launch Catalogue No. 6.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

STOCK EXCHANGE INFLUENCES.

LAST week we complained that nobody was doing anything about the coal deadlock. The Prime Minister has since done something, but apparently he didn't mean what he is alleged to have said, and few people, we imagine, could give a coherent explanation of the position to-day.

Acting on the same principle as the fond parent who sent the maid to see what her child was doing, and to tell him not to do it, both miners and mineowners have expressed their strongest disapproval of the proposals, which they don't understand, and the leaders of the miners have hurried off to the country to consult the districts about them.

In this manner another week will be allowed to go by, our trade reduced by a few more millions, and the now inevitable deficit on the Budget still further increased.

Mention must also be made of the Epsom Summer Meeting, which possibly some of our readers may have noticed took place this week.

Under these circumstances it is not altogether surprising that business of the Stock Exchange was reduced to very small proportions, and interest, even in gilt-edged securities, was inclined to flag. New issues have been plentiful, and mostly of a sound and attractive class, and have met with a good reception; no doubt the distribution of £50,000,000 in Government dividends was helpful. Anyhow, underwriting can now be classed among the few lucrative occupations which still exist!

Oils were not helped by the Burmah announcement, and the reduction of 6d. a gallon in the price of petrol was treated as a bear point. Anything which tends to increase consumption should logically be a bull point, and there is still undoubtedly a very large margin of profit for the importing ring. So large, in fact, that we look upon a further reduction before long as inevitable. The market is waiting anxiously for the Shell dividend announcement, and opinion is about equally divided as to whether the rate will be maintained at 35 per cent., or reduced to 30 per cent. The reduction in the price of petrol may be a bull point here.

The further details of the Transport Bill have not had much effect on Home Rails, and it is certain that many clauses will be altered when the Bill reaches the Committee stage.

The solution of the coal question must come before any sustained improvement is possible; but if it comes before it is too late, we look for

a general improvement in the House and in business generally. There are signs of increasing demand in the commodity markets, and stocks are so low in many articles that values should move upwards. A rising market always stimulates trade; the same is true of securities.

THE CONVERSION LOAN.

The Treasury must be rather bewildered by the result of the Conversion Loan. The banks and financial houses freely stated that the terms were, in their opinion, over-generous, and yet express no surprise that the result has been so poor. It was not, of course, anticipated that anything like the full amount would be converted, but, £148,000,000 is less than even the pessimists at the Treasury can have hoped for.

The terms were undoubtedly generous enough, and we do not think anyone will regret having converted; but the Treasury chose a very unfortunate time to launch the scheme, in the middle of the coal strike, at a moment when the monstrous Government expenditure was being advertised by the Budget, and while money was still dear. We hope the lesson will be taken to heart, and that before any further funding operation is undertaken a serious effort will be made to re-establish confidence, to cheapen money rates, and to reduce expenditure.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What's the joke?" asked The Engineer.

"Why, listen to this in my paper. It's commenting on a rubber report:

"The accounts show a loss of £17,000 for the year as against a profit of £167,500 in the preceding twelve months—a result which shareholders will doubtless regard as highly satisfactory having regard to the difficult times through which the industry is passing."

"Why on earth do they write such rot?"

"It's funny you should have read that, because I saw a paragraph in my own paper—half a sec, I've got it here," and The Merchant read:

"Notwithstanding the acute depression in the textile trade, the directors of the above Company have succeeded in making a profit of £200, and while this, despite the amount brought in, does not allow of a dividend being paid, the 30 per cent. of last year was earned under exceptional circumstances, and the present result is better than might have been looked for having regard to all the conditions."

"I can't see why they write like that," and The Merchant looked genuinely puzzled.

"But some of the papers always do put the very best construction
[Continued overleaf.]

CITY EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE.

THE twelfth annual general meeting of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Ltd., was held on June 2 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr Gerard Lee Bevan, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: "In the marine section of the business, our premium income shows little change. The year has been marked by three distinguishing features. The first is the unusual number of total losses. The great majority of these occurred in the latter part of the year. During the war, as you will remember, mine-laying played an important rôle in the operations of the Navy, but no less remarkable than the science with which those mines were dotted about the world's trade routes, was the skill and rapidity with which the sea was cleared of them after the declaration of the Armistice. They seemed, indeed, to have completely disappeared. Then a strange thing happened. Vessel after vessel, sailing, I am happy to say, under a foreign flag, set out gaily in quest of adventure, and such was their genius for discovery that within a few days, or even hours, of weighing anchor, they lit upon one of these long-lost mines. The epidemic now seems to be on the wane, and I hope we shall not hear much more of them.

"The second feature, to which attention has frequently been called, is the extraordinary increase of pilferage. In some places it would hardly be too much to say that a regular toll has been taken of all goods leaving or entering port. When you come to think of it, this is not altogether unnatural. In the autumn of 1914 the reign of reason made way for a reign of violence, and possession became the right of the strongest. Habits thus acquired are not easily shaken off; one of the after-effects of the war has been to throw up to the surface the more turbulent and extremist elements of society, and it is only with time that these will sink back to their proper level again. But in the long run public opinion governs, and the dominant characteristic which we possess in common with the greatest of ancient empires—I mean the respect for law—will surely and gradually reassert itself. (Applause.)

"Lastly, we have to note excessive competition. During the war period the intensive movement of a slowly-vanishing mercantile marine, coupled with the stupendous rise in the value of hulls and cargoes, created an altogether exceptional demand for underwriting. The tide has now set in the opposite direction. Supply has outrun demand, and a great deal of business has been written at unprofitable rates. Could some check be put on this by closer co-operation? In fire business a committee composed of representatives of the leading offices meets at regular intervals to discuss tariffs and other matters, and I ask myself whether a similar body might not be constituted for the handling of the marine side of the business. It is a complex question, but it is worth consideration.

"We now come to our fire account. This, of course, is the mainstay of our business, and I am sure you will all agree with me that we have every reason to be proud of the way in which our premium income has grown. (Applause.) This year it has taken another big stride forward. For the first time it passed the £2,000,000 mark—the actual figure is £2,071,000—and this has been achieved, let me emphasise, without any departure from our usual practice, *viz.*, to confine ourselves exclusively to treaties with companies of the highest standing. From now on declining values may lessen the volume

of some of those treaties, but as against this you have to bear in mind that it was only last year that we embarked on American business; that it cuts a very small figure in this year's account, but is bound to expand, and largely expand, in future years. It is the knowledge of this fact which has led us to take certain steps to safeguard and assist us in the extension of our operations. In recent years a number of new companies have been created to transact re-insurance business, in most cases with a comparatively small paid-up capital. Acting separately it will be very uphill work for them to obtain good business, but pulling together, and in conjunction with a well-established concern like our own, there is no reason why they should not be able to build up a sound, well-spread, premium income. It is the old story of the faggots. A single twig is easily snapped, but several of them bound together may become a really powerful weapon.

"We have given long and earnest consideration as to how to carry out our ideas, and we finally came to the conclusion that the only method of doing so would be to form a holding company. We have therefore registered an independent company under the title of the City Equitable Associated, Ltd., with an authorised capital of 1,000,000 8 per cent. participating Preference shares of £1 each, and 100,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, or £1,100,000 in all. As regards the latter, the great majority of them will be retained by the City Equitable itself. The Preference shares will be entitled in the first place to a fixed dividend of 8 per cent., which will be guaranteed by our own Company, the City Equitable. After payment of this dividend, the Ordinary shares will rank next for an amount equal to the amount distributed in any one year to meet the fixed dividend on the Preference shares, while any surplus that may eventually be distributed in excess of this figure, will be divided in equal moieties between the Preference and Ordinary shares.

"The Preference shares are being offered to the shareholders in certain other companies in lieu of the existing holdings, and I may say that the exchange is based upon the value of the free assets of the said companies. These assets, of course, are mainly invested in interest-bearing securities, and the companies which in this manner fall under the agis of the City Equitable, will be conducted on lines identical with those which have hitherto guided us, *viz.*, to put back to reserves the bulk of any underwriting profits which the companies may make, and to distribute by way of dividend a sum, roughly speaking, equivalent to the interest received from invested funds. This interest, therefore, will be paid out in dividends by the operating companies, and the holding company will receive them, and will utilise them in the first instance for the payment of the fixed dividend of 8 per cent. on the participating Preference shares. No surplus is likely to be available for the Ordinary shares in the first two or three years of the holding company's existence, but you will readily appreciate that the City Equitable possesses in them a very valuable reversion.

"With regard to the balance-sheet, after making the necessary deductions for taxation, and allowing for depreciation of funds, and directors' fees, the resultant balance is £228,333. We have increased our dividend by 6d. a share on the Preference shares, and 2s. a share on the Ordinary shares, making 2s. 6d. on the Preference, and 10s. per share on the Ordinary shares for the year."

The report and accounts were adopted, and the formal business was transacted.

The Blessings of the Coal Stoppage

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NO COAL, NO SMOKE.

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rald, and the trees of the parks were as
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been painted.

Moreover, the purer atmosphere makes
every one feel healthier and more cheerful,
and many Londoners are saying: "What a
fine thing it would be if we could abolish
the use of coal altogether."

Extract from "Daily Express," May 18th, 1921.

IT needed a coal stoppage to show many of us
the advantages which we should gain if no
crude smoke-producing coal were burned in
our homes and factories.

This ideal is attainable *without a strike*.

If we used our coal as it ought to be used,
namely, *not as a fuel, but as a raw material from which
fuel can be extracted*, the blessing of abundant
and curative sunshine is one we might per-
manently retain. By sending our coal to the
gas works we obtain cleanly and smokeless
fuels—gas and coke—which can serve us for
heating, cooking, water-heating, lighting and
power, in fact for all purposes, more efficiently
than crude coal can do. And, in addition, by
adopting this course we preserve for our use all
the valuable by-products—drugs, dyes, fertilisers,
motor-spirits, etc.—which lie hidden in the un-
treated coal, the "black diamonds" which are
our most valuable national asset.

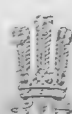


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(Continued.)

upon such things," replied The Broker. "Not all of the papers, of course. But some do."

"I know. And why? That's my point. Why don't they say it's a rotten showing? This eternal straining after artificial cheerfulness baffles me altogether. Can't see any sense in it. Is there any ulterior motive not obvious to my dull wit?"

The Carriage appealed to The City Editor, who looked a little uneasy. "I've made up my mind to go to Henley this year," he said.

Which, naturally, made the others press him all the more.

"Oh, can't you see for yourselves?" he cried testily. "Surely you've left school?"

"We're always ready for a lesson in good manners," said The Jobber sweetly.

"Don't take any notice of his rudeness; tell us what we want to know," prayed The Merchant.

"Everybody knows," was the short reply.

"I'm not everybody, so perhaps that's why I don't know, and I'd rather like to learn."

"So should we all," added The Broker. "I admit to feeling curious about it myself."

The City Editor felt himself fairly pushed into a corner. They were watching him intently. "Oh, well," he exclaimed. "No man—journalist or butcher or sweep—can afford to fall out with people whose custom provides him with necessary, legitimate bread-and-butter. Now, can he?"

"But that hasn't anything to do with favourable comments on bad reports—"

"Hasn't anything to do with it?" repeated The City Editor meaningly.

The Carriage fell on silence. Later in the day, The Jobber admitted to The Broker that he had begun to get a glimmer of understanding, and meant to ask further questions on the subject next time.

"I bought a few Buchanan-Dewar 7½ per cent. Preference the other day at 18s. 9d.," continued The Merchant. "They're as cheap as anything I know, and they'll go well over a sovereign as money becomes cheaper."

"Well covered?" asked The Engineer.

"Over and over again."

"So are Brunner Mond 7½ per cent. Preference," The Engineer added. "No Debentures in front of them, and although they reduced the dividend on the Ordinary the other day, I think the Preference are very cheap at threepence premium."

"Harrods Preference have no Debentures ahead of them," said The Broker. "But they're dearer, and stand about 22s. 3d."

"I like the Norwegian Sixes, too," The City Editor chimed in. "If the Loan hadn't been so awfully over-staged, the premium would have been maintained easily."

"There's a cheaper Norway bond in New York."

"Yes, but our own people don't want to be bothered with American bonds. I'm sure those Sixes will go up again by-and-by. It's hardly fair to compare them with the Yankee Loan."

"Comparisons are odious," plitudinised The Broker.

"Not always," The Jobber caught him up. "I was looking through three or four of the weeklies at coffee yesterday, and there wasn't one of them whose photographs compare with those in *The Sketch*. And I don't say that simply because Brokie writes for it—"

The Broker told him he was a liar.

"The last man who said that is still in the hospital," The Jobber threatened. "But you just look yourself at the wonderful way the pictures are reproduced in *The Sketch*, and compare them with the other papers. There's no—"

"They tell me to buy a few Nigerians," remarked The Engineer. "Think it's right? I have a sort of fancy for Bisichi."

"Depends upon tin, of course. Some people say that the companies are pretty nearly paying even now."

"I wonder whether that's right," doubted The City Editor. "Probably they are not far off making profits, and you can't tell to what extent costs have come down."

"Nigerians aren't bad for a gamble," The Broker considered. "Ropps and, yes, Bisichi aren't so dusty. Anglo-Continental is another good one."

"Then Niger Preference will come home; the Company passed the dividend last month, and the price is still about twelve-and-six. Lever's hold all the Ordinary shares, of course. And—"

"How happy could I be with Niger, Were Lever and Dunlop away—"

"Excuse me," said The Jobber, "I always sing like that when I'm specially penurious. And my present finances make me an easy favourite for the name-part in 'The Beggar's Opera'!" Friday, June 3, 1921.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

TABBY.—(1) You have held so long that we advise you to hold on; (2) 12½ per cent. for the year to April 30, 1920—no announcement since.

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ENGLAND (HURLINGHAM CLUB)

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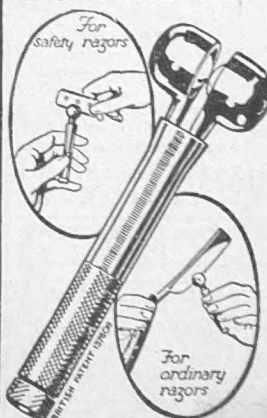
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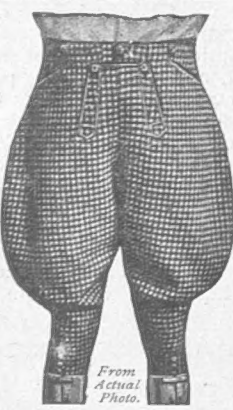
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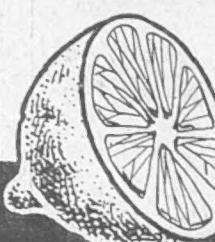
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